

# **National Parent-Teacher**

THE P.T.A. MAGAZINE



**June 1955**

# Objects of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers



To promote the welfare of children and youth in home, school, church, and community.

To raise the standards of home life.

To secure adequate laws for the care and protection of children and youth.

To bring into closer relation the home and the school, that parents and teachers may cooperate intelligently in the training of the child.

To develop between educators and the general public such united efforts as will secure for every child the highest advantages in physical, mental, social, and spiritual education.

*Membership  
of the National  
Congress  
of Parents and  
Teachers is now  
9,409,282*

## P.T.A. Membership by States

Alabama.....	193,374
Arizona.....	59,001
Arkansas.....	112,261
California.....	1,410,953
Colorado.....	135,486
Connecticut.....	116,372
Delaware.....	25,690
D. C.....	25,127
Florida.....	239,729
Georgia.....	192,589
Hawaii.....	57,720
Idaho.....	46,810
Illinois.....	582,913
Indiana.....	248,787
Iowa.....	127,038
Kansas.....	163,099
Kentucky.....	157,343

Louisiana.....	89,472	Pennsylvania.....	453,468
Maine.....	24,150	Rhode Island.....	44,237
Maryland.....	135,050	South Carolina.....	74,529
Massachusetts.....	127,657	South Dakota.....	32,921
Michigan.....	304,874	Tennessee.....	275,702
Minnesota.....	212,078	Texas.....	526,488
Mississippi.....	73,698	Utah.....	85,753
Missouri.....	210,615	Vermont.....	21,530
Montana.....	30,122	Virginia.....	210,177
Nebraska.....	60,376	Washington.....	193,287
Nevada.....	14,161	West Virginia.....	109,680
New Hampshire.....	21,486	Wisconsin.....	119,530
New Jersey.....	357,915	Wyoming.....	14,024
New Mexico.....	33,805	Unorganized Territory..	15,897
New York.....	412,121	Total.....	9,409,282
North Carolina.....	306,811		
North Dakota.....	37,353		
Ohio.....	613,855		
Oklahoma.....	154,025		
Oregon.....	118,143		

## CONCERNING CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Copies of *National Parent-Teacher: The P.T.A. Magazine* come to subscribers by second-class mail. If copies are not delivered because of wrong or incomplete address, changes of address, or other similar reasons, they are returned to the magazine office in Chicago at our expense. You can help us keep this item of expense to a minimum and at the same time assure delivery of the magazine to your home without delay by giving us your new address one month in advance.

## Subscription Blank

SUBSCRIPTION RATES  
\$1.25 a year—U.S. and possessions  
\$1.50 a year—Canada  
\$1.75 a year—Other countries

NAME

(Please Print)

STREET AND NUMBER

CITY, ZONE, AND STATE

ASSOCIATION

## 9-55

If these figures appear just below your name and address on the back cover of this issue of the magazine your subscription will expire with the September 1955 *National Parent-Teacher*. We suggest that you renew now to avoid delay in receiving the October issue.

Send check or money order to **NATIONAL PARENT-TEACHER, 700 North Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois**



THE P.T.A. MAGAZINE

700 NORTH RUSH STREET • CHICAGO 11 • ILLINOIS

*Officers of the Magazine*

Mrs. James Fitts Hill, *President*  
 Mrs. Newton P. Leonard, *Vice-president*  
 Mrs. L. W. Alston, *Secretary*  
 Ralph H. Ojemann, *Treasurer*

*Directors*

Mrs. James Fitts Hill	John W. Headley
Mrs. Newton P. Leonard	Mrs. T. H. Ludlow
Mrs. L. W. Alston	Rulon H. Manning
Mrs. Rollin Brown	Mrs. T. J. Mims
Mrs. Joel Burkitt	Ralph H. Ojemann
Mrs. Glenn K. Rogers	

*National Parent-Teacher: The P.T.A. Magazine* is the official magazine of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers. All officers and directors are members of the Board of Managers of the National Congress. The directory of the Congress will be found on the inside back cover.

*Editorial Office*

700 North Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

The magazine is not responsible for loss or injury to manuscript or art material while in its possession or in transit.

*Subscription Office*

700 North Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois  
 Eleanor Twiss, *Business Manager*

*Rates*

\$1.25 a year—U.S. and possessions  
 \$1.50 a year—Canada  
 \$1.75 a year—Other countries  
 Single copy—U.S. and possessions, 15 cents  
 Single copy—Other countries, 20 cents

Make check or money order payable to the *National Parent-Teacher* and mail to the above address. Allow four weeks for first copy to reach you.

Notice of change of address must be given one month in advance and must show both old and new addresses.

The *National Parent-Teacher* is listed in the *Education Index* and the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*.

Published monthly, September through June, by *The National Parent-Teacher*.

Entered as second-class matter, October 3, 1939, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright 1955 by The National Parent-Teacher

## Contents FOR JUNE 1955

The President's Message: On a Note of Peace.....Lucille P. Leonard 3

## ARTICLES

Dr. Meister's "Beautiful" School.....William S. Dutton 4

What Emotional Health Looks Like

10. Strength Beyond Strength.....Bonaro A. Overstreet 8

The People and the Peace.....Harold E. Stassen 12

I Am an "Expectant" Teacher.....Ona Brameld 14

Are We Getting Our Meal's Worth?.....Russell M. Wilder, M.D. 18

It's High Time.....24

Children's Choice: New Books for Summer Reading

John Wallace Purcell 30

Going to a Teacher-Parent Conference?

Major Dennis D. Nicholson, Jr. 33

Summer Vacation—and No Time Wasted!.....Dorothy Boys Kilian 35

## FEATURES

Worth a Try.....11

What's Happening in Education?.....William D. Boutwell 21

Notes from the Newsfront.....23

N.P.T. Quiz Program....Edmond R. Hess, M.D., Lyle Spencer,  
 Esther E. Prevey, and Nancy Bayley 26

Poetry Lane.....37

Motion Picture Previews.....38

Design.....Igor de Lissoyov

Cover Picture.....H. Armstrong Roberts

*Editor* Eva H. Grant*Associate Editors*Ethel G. Brown  
 Ruth GagliardoAnna H. Hayes  
 Henry F. Helmholtz, M.D.Ralph H. Ojemann  
 Esther E. Prevey*Advisory Editors*

Herold C. Hunt, Professor of Education, Harvard University  
 Ethel Kavin, Director, Parent Education Project, University of Chicago  
 Bruce E. Mahan, Dean, Extension Division, State University of Iowa  
 Leonard W. Mayo, Director, Association for the Aid of Crippled Children  
 Bonaro W. Overstreet, Author, Lecturer, and Adult Educator  
 George D. Stoddard, Former President, University of Illinois  
 Charl Ormond Williams, Past President, National Education Association  
 Paul A. Witte, Professor of Education, Northwestern University

*Managing Editor* Mary A. Ferre



© Parnell Studio

**H**IGH HONOR and hearty acclaim went to Captain Warren H. Wilson at the recent convention of the North Carolina Congress of Parents and Teachers. As magazine chairman of the Fort Bragg P.T.A., he turned in a record total of 668 subscriptions to the *National Parent-Teacher* during the year 1954-55. Not only was this the largest number of subscriptions from any P.T.A. in the state but the largest in the nation. Here Captain Wilson is receiving an award—a hand-painted plate—from the state magazine chairman, Mrs. Roeby Wilson, and the congratulations of Mrs. Rollin Brown, first vice-president of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers. The captain will be on hand at the National Congress convention in Chicago to receive further recognition on behalf of his state and his P.T.A.





## *The President's Message*

### *On a Note of Peace*

BECAUSE PEACE is uppermost in the minds of all of us, it seems fitting that my last message as president of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers deal with the responsibility of each of us, as individual citizens, for building the peace. We do have peace today—a precarious and unstable peace though it be. What more can each of us do to protect this fragile truce while we build strong, enduring concord among nations?

We are about to win a great victory against the physical disease of crippling polio. That victory came about as the result of determination and sacrifice and effort in the face of what often appeared to be defeat. Yet the unfaltering will of a democratic people is bringing victory at last.

War is a disease infinitely more baffling and pernicious than any physical disease that plagues mankind. Who shall say whether we can conquer it, banish it from the earth in our children's lifetime? Nevertheless we must keep on working and thinking and sacrificing to achieve it. We must be patient, persistent, rational, hopeful.

WHAT ACTION can we take? What can we do? As individual citizens we can insist that our laws and institutions be consistently directed toward strengthening the foundations of peace. We can support the United Nations as a medium through which the nations of the world can adjust their differences. Willingly, even joyously, we can support the programs of our own country and of the U.N. that are helping the peoples of the world to develop economic well-being as a bulwark against war.

We can continue to work for the better homes, schools, and communities in which children may

grow into adults who are emotionally mature, thoughtfully free, and accurately informed. We can organize a P.T.A. in every school that does not yet have one, so that every home, school, and community in America may become part of the joint endeavor for peace. We can make every P.T.A. an action center for cooperative efforts toward a peaceful world.

To win the lasting peace that we want we shall have to act, but our actions will have to be grounded on sure convictions. Some of them may be new to us, and to take them on we may have to discard assumptions, ideas, and practices that are obsolete.

AS WE strive for a warless world, we need to appreciate that there are no quick, precise, and permanent solutions to problems of human relations. We need to learn to live with problems patiently and without panic. We cannot expect to achieve lasting peace in two or three weeks, however prodigious an effort we may make.

It is our pledge, as parent-teacher members, that we will continue to work tirelessly and intelligently to create a world in which the children of the earth may grow up in dignity and happiness. This pledge must be worked at by each of us every day in the homes, the schools, and the communities of America. If we continuously strive and sacrifice for peace it may be that during our lifetime the bitter cup of war, dreaded by generations of men, will pass from us forever.

*Lucille P. Leonard*

*President, National Congress of Parents and Teachers*

# DR. MEISTER'S

## "Beautiful"

William S. Dutton

A NEWSPAPER once spoke slightly of the aging brick building, a relic of horseless carriage days, that houses New York City's High School of Science far up in the Bronx. Next day this letter was in the editor's mail:

"No, we haven't a gorgeous gym, Mr. Editor. Nor have we modern rooms, fine elevators, or magnificent grounds. But we have the best principal in the country. We have the best liked faculty in the entire city. And we have a spirit that no school can beat. . . . If we had to choose between Science, with its broken-down walls, and a school with the finest building, our answer without hesitation would be 'Science, here we come!'"

That was ten years ago. Time has eased none of the old structure's faults. Yet when Principal Morris Meister announced that his Bronx school would enroll 750 new pupils in 1955, four times that many boys and girls applied for admission. And they were among the smartest of the city's million school kids.

Some came from as far off as Brooklyn and Queens, more than an hour's subway ride away. They faced one of the toughest entrance exams imposed by any secondary school. They knew that, if accepted, they would have to do more schoolwork than the usual high school demands and hold their own in a student body of twenty-four hundred in which the median I.Q. is 137, probably the highest of any school in the United States. Why they chose the Bronx school reflects one of America's most pressing school problems.

Only one boy or girl in five has an I.Q. of 117 or higher. Fewer than one in a hundred exceed an I.Q. of 150, the rare range of the world's great minds. And of these youths, to whom the nation looks for



One spring day a teacher threw open the window of his classroom to let the world in. The gesture deeply impressed a watching child. Today that sensitive pupil of long ago is himself a teacher and a principal, and in his high school in the Bronx he too is opening windows for hundreds of New York City's most gifted young students of science.

# School

future leaders in science, medicine, education, and other vital fields, two thirds will not finish college. That is to say, about four million of our brightest youngsters now in school will quit before they complete their training. In view of our present acute shortage of scientists, and the fact that Russia is trying to outdo us in producing them, the outlook is grave.

When students having little aptitude for books could drop out of school at fourteen or even younger, only the top 10 per cent went to high school, and it was easy to fit the studies to their abilities. Today just about every boy and girl enters high school, although only half of these are graduated and only one in six finishes college. As a result, the average high school curriculum is geared to the learning pace of I.Q. 100, which is the average. All too often the superior student becomes today's forgotten kid.

But Morris Meister has not forgotten him. As a teacher, a supervisor of science teaching in New York City's high schools, and principal of Science High School, he has given forty years to studying above-average kids. And before that he was one of them.

A pupil with an I.Q. of 125 or better, he told me, can waste up to half his time and still coast along with the average high school class. The too easy lessons sap incentive. Idleness breeds boredom, or worse: contempt for the school, the teachers, and all authority.

"We forget," Dr. Meister says, "that when the average is the norm, a kid with an I.Q. of 200—we've had them up to I.Q. 208 here at Science—can be just as much a misfit as a moron and feel far more unwanted."

By neglect of the gifted, he warns, the nation is squandering a priceless potential for good.

Most educators today are aware of the waste, though they disagree over what to do about it. Some large high schools have "honor schools" for top-grade students. Notably in New York City, special high schools for developing talents in the arts, music, and technical skills are well established.

## High Aptitude: High Accomplishment

It was Meister's voice, joined by others, that led New York to found the High School of Science in 1938 as a bold experiment. Meister's plan was to limit his school to students who already had shown capabilities for leadership and a bent for science. Moreover, they were to come forward voluntarily, with the recommendation of their former teachers; then from the lot he would select only the most promising. With high aptitude the rule, high accomplishment would become the norm—a challenge to students and teachers alike.

Students would be the leaders, teachers their guides and counselors, and no ceiling would be placed over any youngster's ambitions. Emphasis would be on the vast unknowns yet to be explored, on the world's needs today.

The experiment has been successful. Last year Science students won around \$450,000 in scholarships, topping all U.S. high schools. Ninety-two per cent of all Science graduates have completed college, as against 21 per cent for the average high school.

I asked a dozen youngsters what they find at Science that they don't in other schools. They all tried to talk at once.

"It's *our* school," said Bob Gilbert, sports editor. "The students come first. We're consulted. The teachers credit us with having sense."

"Nobody is a stuffed shirt," said Harvey Tullin, feature writer. "Any kid can get a hearing, any time."

Dark-eyed Alexia Pincus, sixteen, added, "Maybe outsiders do call this place an old dump, but to us, why—why, it's beautiful!"

## One Spring Long Ago

To Morris Meister her tribute is highly gratifying, for it attests the success of an experiment that had its foundation in his own school days back in Goenitz, Poland. The school was his grandfather's, renowned for high scholarship and rigid discipline. When Morris was six, his grandfather died, and his uncle became schoolmaster. It was spring, and he opened the windows—to let the world in, he said. The kids packed books, slates, and lunches, and classes were adjourned to the wooded shore of a nearby pond.

"This is a part of the earth we live on," said his uncle. "About you is your greatest book."

"All nature was coming to life," Meister recalls. "I, too, came to life as a student. My mind was filled with questions to which that day I began finding answers. During the next two years, under my uncle, I learned that school *can* be beautiful and that life itself is the master textbook."

Then his father moved to New York City. They lived on the lower East Side. Up through the shabby public schools there, through City College, Columbia University, degrees, honors, several years of college teaching, Meister dreamed of establishing a school like his uncle's for the kids of the city. It would excel in scholarship, and it would be a happy school. Sciences would dominate it, for Meister sees the sciences as tested roadways to truth. He believes that a few grains of science can disinfect a carload of ignorance and prejudice and that *enough* science can disinfect the world. His aim was to fire youth with that idea and to send graduates forth aware that above-average ability entails above-average responsibility to find truth and put it to work.

The outdated building in the Bronx that three other schools had quit was excellent for his venture, all things considered. Nobody could say that its occupants were coddled.

Work crews were still banging away, repairing and converting classrooms, when the first few hundred boys trooped in. (Girls were not admitted until 1946.) Each boy had passed a stiff examination. Each had been chosen for all-round fitness, healthy interests outside books, curiosity, and the courage to do—as shown by past records in lower schools. Science High recognizes that superior achievement demands qualities other than superior intelligence.

A stubborn plumber helped set the school's keynote. He had pipes to install, and the detail of a class being in session in the same room didn't deter him. It was his job, he explained, and his time was money. The noise of his renewed efforts emphasized his decision.

Teachers and students held quick council. The class was turned into a forum discussing labor relations. One group of boys was assigned to speak for employers, an opposing group for workmen. The

employer side of the discussion, highly unfavorable to labor unions, had not gone far when the plumber slammed down his tools and stumped to the platform.

"I'm a union man," he announced, "and right here and now I'm going to tell you smart-aleck kids the truth about union labor."

"Good," said the chairman. "But you must join the class and obey the rules, the same as you do in a union meeting."

"Okay," said the plumber. "Deal me in."

The forum was an enormous success. It fitted perfectly Meister's pattern. From the plumber his kids had learned facts found in no book!

## Young Scientists Learn To Govern

In accordance with Dr. Meister's principle that the pupils themselves should exercise leadership, the student council, with sixty elected members, is as independent of the faculty as Congress is of the White House. It administers almost a hundred non-class activities, from the Astronomy Club to the students' nonprofit retail store.

Visitors to Science—and they come from all parts of the globe—are met first by a students' committee. Sports and social events are strictly the affairs of the student council. So are the school forums, which deal with public issues, and so are most matters of discipline.

To keep faculty and students informed, an opinion poll committee polls students on major school and public questions. An elections committee controls the campaigns of student candidates for office. Poor kids, rich ones, and those having famous fathers compete on even terms. Tommy Matthew, a Negro and a future M.D., ran for student president and won on his record. Though working as a stevedore and at other odd jobs after school, he had found time to complete a comprehensive report on the protozoan content of New York's fresh-water streams.

Few very rich and few very poor families are represented in today's student body. The very rich patronize private schools. The very poor boy or girl of high intelligence too often is lost long before high school age—a sacrifice to environment and lack of understanding. Most of the Science students come from good but modest homes. They are of all creeds, origins, and races. The one over-all requirement is that every student have a serious life purpose, and the aptitude and will to attain it.

Each pupil must complete a special project. When the famed scientist Irving Langmuir visited the school, he was amazed by the phenomenon of a sixteen-year-old boy building a model of the Langmuir-Lewis atom, based on a theory that few scientists then could understand. People in Astoria, Long Island, were no less amazed one Sunday when a none-too-large boy wearing a seventy-pound diving helmet, which he had made from scrap, and weighted shoes made from old auto license plates, submerged himself





© H. Armstrong Roberts

in a public pool. While a buddy worked a bicycle pump to feed him air via a garden hose, the boy on the pool's bottom explained by two-way telephone to a baffled cop that he was merely a Science student at work.

Meanwhile another special project got its author elected a Fellow of the Royal Microscopic Society of London. New York's Botanical Gardens named a bread mold "HSS" in honor of its discovery in a Science class.

Mariana Mandl, a lively, pretty sixteen-year-old, regards her chemical-stained fingers as a soldier does his combat ribbons. At dinner one evening last spring, Mariana heard her father, a physician, say that all garments made of nylon, even stockings, are prohibited in a hospital operating room. "Nylon produces static," he explained. "Static may cause an explosion of the anesthetic gases in the room."

Mariana, whose mind is a huge *why*, skipped her dessert and spent the evening at the library reading. She wrote the DuPonts and others for facts and learned that the Army too is keenly concerned about static. By June she had a special project under way: to lick the static in nylon, something chemists had been trying to do since it was invented.

The kitchen and bathroom of the Mandl home were soon cluttered with glass jars of chemical solutions, in each of which was a swatch of nylon fabric. "I drove Mother almost crazy, but I think she was proud of me too," Mariana confesses.

When I talked with her, the project was six months old. Not satisfied with the school's electroscope, by which static is detected, she had built her own. By her tests it is 75 per cent more efficient than the school's standard instrument. And according to her own tests, she has succeeded in keeping nylon fabrics static-free three to five times longer than do the usual commercial processes. Her findings are now being evaluated by established laboratories.

Eddie Cigelman was a Science student who dreamed of building a better world. Just how, he wasn't sure

yet. He was only fifteen, and his loves were three: literature, music, and biology. Testing his own blood in the biology lab one day, and then following with an urinalysis, Eddie was in doubt about his future no longer. He detected a sign of the dread disease leukemia. If he was right, Eddie knew he did not have long to live.

He was right. But his dream didn't die with him. A trust fund set up by his parents has made it possible for *Science Survey* to become one of America's leading high school newspapers. It has established a record library at Science, where kids wearing ear-phones listen by the hour to the great music that Eddie loved. And every year it sends at least one Science graduate to college. Since 1944, when Eddie calmly told Dr. Meister that he wouldn't be at Science much longer, the Abraham Cigelmans have gained eleven sons for the one they lost.

"Eddie's story has become our finest bit of school tradition," Dr. Meister told me.

### Old Ideals in a New Building

In the life of a school, seventeen years is a brief period in which to prove its worth. Today, nevertheless, Principal Meister and his faculty can begin to count real returns. Of 750 Regents' scholarships offered by the State of New York last year, Science graduates won 147. Among 16,000 top-grade contenders in the nation-wide annual Science Talent Search, they won 18 of 40 major scholarships and 84 honorable mentions. A card survey of 563 graduates who have been away from Science at least seven years shows that all but 8 per cent have finished at least four years of college, and almost 70 per cent have taken postgraduate work qualifying them for one of the scientific professions. Two thirds hold honorary awards for scholarship. A fourth have published articles or books. Yet half of the careers have been interrupted by military service.

Recently the City of New York decided that its High School of Science had grown up. The old building in the Bronx belied what had become a world-wide reputation. Today the sum of \$6,500,000 is entered on the city's capital budget to build a new High School of Science. Another Bronx site has been picked. Meister is working on the plans. There is to be no change, he says, in either the size or the character of the student body. The old principles will live on, and so will the old aim: "To make each class a laboratory for finding out facts, for testing ideas, and for solving problems."

---

*William S. Dutton is a well-known writer of long and varied experience. He has contributed to many magazines, including the Saturday Evening Post and the Reader's Digest. Mr. Dutton lives in a two-hundred-year-old farmhouse in Chester County, Pennsylvania.*





## What Emotional Health Looks Like

© H. Armstrong Roberts

LIFE CAN be relatively free of actual emotional disorders and still fall far short of the glory—far short, that is, of the depth and warmth and variety we human beings are natively equipped to enjoy.

If emotional disorders block our approach to the world and its possibilities, we might say that an absence of such disorders can best be understood as a state of *readiness*, not as a state of *completion*. This fact is often overlooked by those who expect counseling or psychiatric treatment to make them or their loved ones into the full, rounded personalities they might have been if they had never been halted in their mental and emotional growth.

They feel, in brief, that therapy should be able to provide the *content* of a rich life and that it should not be called a success if it merely prepares the individual to earn that content for himself—as it has to be earned even by the person who has never suffered any drastic disorder. Yet the best that therapy can do is help a disturbed individual get past the emotional “road blocks” of fear, anxiety, and hostility, so that he can go forward once more on his own and gradually possess himself of the treasures of experience.

**The conflict-ridden mind is likely to be closed to the treasures around it. Once that mind is set free, it may again reach toward the health-supporting, indestructible riches in the world of nature and in the world of men.**

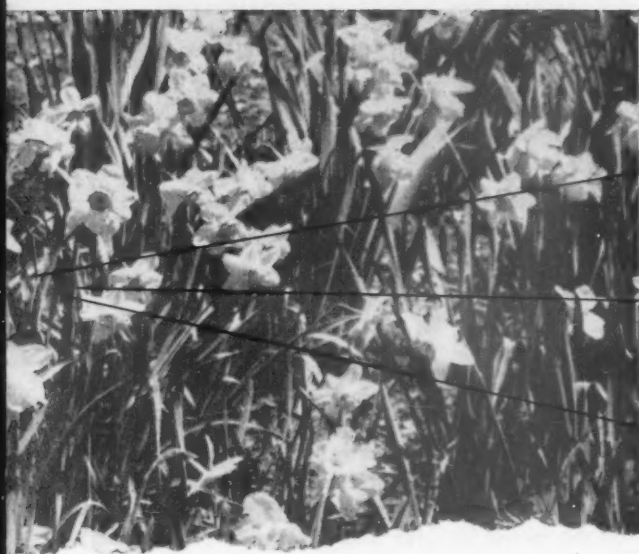
The truly important thing that can be said about emotional health—whether long enjoyed or painfully regained—is that it *allows us to be receptive* to what life has to offer. And since what life has to offer when our human capacities are really called into play is rich and various to the point of astonishment, we can scarcely ask more.

The old spiritual urges us to be “ready when the great day comes.” Emotional health enables us to be ready for whatever of greatness awaits our discovery in even the most ordinary day. What are the types of inner richness, what are the sources of joy and strength and serenity that come to the person (or that are at least available to the person) who is thus open to life?

### Delight in Daffodils

It seems to me that we might set down first of all a quiet intimacy with the natural world. Just as Wordsworth reported that the daffodils he once witnessed in bright multitude along the shore of a lake remained forever visible to his “inward eye,” so each of us—if he will let his outward eye perform its proper function—can make himself rich in stored-up beauties that are peculiarly his own and that cannot be taken from him.

Our power to store up such wealth must depend upon two factors, both of them influenced by our state of emotional ill-being or well-being. One is our habit of *awareness*, our established way of lending ourselves to the world that lies around us, so that we see what is to be seen without having our vision blocked by intense, anxious self-concern. The other is the actual *knowledge* we have to “see” with. Even a rudimentary knowledge of astronomy, for example, will make us see more, when we lift our eyes to the



10.

# Strength Beyond Strength

Bonaro W. Overstreet

night sky, than we could see without that knowledge. Even a limited acquaintance with the principles of interior decorating will sensitize us to the harmonies of form, texture, and color. Acute emotional disorder, forcing the individual as it does into keeping his attention fixed upon himself, is the arch enemy of disinterested knowledge—and of the warm appreciation that is the gift such knowledge grants to the human being who earns it.

A second source of joy and strength that can be gradually acquired, and that ministers to our emotional soundness, is a creative skill, with all that this means in the way of self-expression, on the one hand, and, on the other, of heightened admiration for what other people have excellently made.

The term *self-expression* is in dubious standing nowadays, having been in the past too much misused and abused. It calls up in many minds not the happy image of a person who is emotionally sound but instead the exasperating image of one who is self-indulgent and undisciplined. Rightly understood, however, self-expression is a prime requisite of health. It signifies that the individual is neither reduced to a rubber stamp, with all his uniqueness denied, nor so "bottled up" that he is a prey to constant inner tensions and explosive hostilities. The more happily skilled a person is in one medium or another—or in several different media—the more he is likely to experience a genuine sense of selfhood and the less he is likely to resort either to callow whimsiness or to throwing his weight around.

If he has been receptive to his world with his eyes and ears and fingers, making its riches his own, and if he has trained himself to put his own vision not too clumsily into some outward form, what more does he need as emotional "health insurance?"

Certainly, I myself would say, he needs some supporting intimacy with what has been greatly said and done by other human beings, the still living and the long-since dead. No one of us is born to go it alone. We recognize this readily enough in practical terms. We need to recognize it no less readily in spiritual terms. If we are genuinely to respect ourselves, we must respect the species of which we are samples. If we are to find within ourselves an incentive to grow—even when growth comes hard—we must have some image of what life can greatly become. If we are to stand firm in support of what we call the good, we must first have distinguished the good from the mediocre and the evil and have given our allegiance to it. If we are to borrow strength and insight when our own would prove too limited for the problems we face, we must know whom to call on—what poet or philosopher or prophet or saint or seer.

## In Touch with the Good and the Wise

There is nothing more peculiar, perhaps, about us and nothing more distinctively human than the power we have to bolster ourselves, discipline ourselves, and inspire ourselves by the intimacies we have built with what has been superbly said and done by our fellow human beings. Once we have gained such intimacies, they are ours. They cannot be taken from us. Nor can we be deprived of the inner strength and serenity granted us by their sure possession.

Merely to borrow from those who have been wise and good in human history, supplementing our limited strength by calling upon theirs, would be a pretty one-sided business. We do not really stand firm, emotionally firm, unless we have found our own convinced sphere of usefulness, unless we know

who counts upon us for what, unless we can deeply feel that what we do from day to day, however modest and undramatic, is *on the side of* what has been excellent.

It may seem sometimes, for example, that we never have a chance to lift our eyes or minds from household chores. It may seem that we never, with clamoring children around us, have any chance to move into the great serenities known to saint and seer. Yet to be *on the side of* human nurturing, and of tenderness toward the helpless young, is to go proudly surrounded by a "cloud of witnesses."

Whatever our work is, whatever voluntary work we may have taken on in our community, whatever cause we may count as our own, the important thing, so far as emotional health is concerned, is this: to have found our channel of usefulness and to know with sincere commitment that what we are doing—though it may seem ordinary enough and limited enough in its influence—is done in behalf of human well-being.

Finally, we do not, I feel sure, walk in the full strength and serenity of our humanhood until we have learned the art of reaching, by reverence and dedication, toward the spiritual realities of a universe far greater than ourselves. This above all is what keeps the mind from closing in and becoming too narrow to hold the possibilities of life.

### Magnitude and Mystery of the Universe

It is sadly true, of course, that we humans may try to compress the whole universe into limited, unloving, rigid beliefs that are too small to hold it. It appears to be true that a person's religion must always reflect the level of his operative attitudes toward life. No one can be narrow, fear-ridden, hostile, and self-absorbed in his daily comings and goings among his fellow human beings and at the same time be emotionally sound in his religion. He will simply make his religion into one more means toward his own self-defense or self-aggrandizement. But with this qualification made, we still must say that no one looks well at the human life he leads if he never looks beyond it to the over-spanning mysteries within which he moves and has his being.

At the end of this series we say, then, as we said at the beginning, that the emotional factor in personality is the "motional" factor; that it determines what we do and what we leave undone. We say again, as we said at the beginning, that emotional health expresses itself in the language of relationships. It is present wherever we see a human being happily and consistently going toward the possibilities and realities of his world rather than withdrawing from them. We say that a sound emotion is one that prompts a human being to bring his inborn powers into such effective connection with his environment that both his own personal life and the life of those around him are enriched by the contact.

## HOW TO LOVE A COUNTRY

### Announcing a New Series

IT SEEMS wise and necessary for all of us, now and then, to give ourselves a "refresher course" in matters we take for granted, to see whether we really understand them as well as we think we do. In like fashion it seems wise and necessary for us to speak with new thoughtfulness certain words and phrases that have been worn smooth by long use—to speak them as though we had never heard them before.

It is in this spirit of rethinking the familiar, and re-feeling it, that I have chosen to write during 1955-56 on *How To Love a Country*.

The verb is "to love," the verb that has animated the best of our social and spiritual traditions. It is, more than any other, a verb that expresses the deep urgencies and hungers of the private heart. It has been given new significance in this psychological age. For the power to give and receive love has been pointed up as the prime mark of emotional health, and the disguises have been stripped away from many forms of unhealthy pseudo love—of masked selfishness, fear, and hostility. Finally, it is the verb that most of all challenges us to grow; to *outgrow* our limiting self-defensiveness and egocentricity and to *grow into* mature, contributive understanding.

The noun is "country." In this series, we shall take it to mean simply that geographically and politically organized portion of the planet which constitutes for us, as individuals and as citizens, our practical and emotional "standing place."

A French proverb declares, "The face of the commonplace, looked upon, becomes strange." In this time of history, when our country must make ready for the long pull that lies on this side of the world's new age of peace, it seems worthwhile for us to consider anew the "commonplace" emotion we call love of country, to see how challenging it is.

No one (certainly not I) can look at this subject from all possible vantage points; any more than one individual, living in one house, in one community, can look at all the prairies, mountains, and coastlines embraced by a map of his country. Yet there are ways of looking at it—angles of approach—that seem to me important at this particular moment of history and in view of all we have come to know about our human nature and relationships. I have chosen, therefore, these ten topics for the months ahead, beginning in the September issue:

The Verb Is <i>To Love</i>	Making Do and Making New
Every Day and Anywhere	
Borrowed Memories	As Individual and as Fellow Member
The Good Face of a Continent	Adventures to Fit the Dream
Varieties of Vigilance	Clear and Present Danger
	Clear and Present Hope

—BONARO W. OVERSTREET



# Worth a Try

## Etiquette: Lesson One

Junior radiates a high sense of accomplishment at mealtimes these days. He's feeding himself. But after he's cleaned his plate—and sometimes before—he may excitedly send his eating gear clattering overboard in all directions. You want to encourage him to keep his utensils securely on board? Try this. Put his plate, cup, and spoon on his tray in their usual places. Trace around each piece and fill in the outlines with bright-colored enamel. The shapes may also be painted or appliquéd on his place mat. Then give Baby some trial runs to learn what goes where. Come mealtimes, he should enjoy the game of replacing his cup and spoon on the right spot and seeing that they remain anchored there when they are not in action.

## A Trash Bag in Every Car

Going vacationing in the family car this summer? Take along a supply of paper sacks. They make handy containers for candy wrappers, empty milk cartons, paper straws, used cleansing tissues, and other bits of waste that are sometimes flung out of car windows. The idea of a paper bag in every car was first encouraged in national parks, where rangers posted at the gates hand sacks to visitors as they enter.

## Commencement with a Difference

It was a do-it-yourself graduation program for students at one midwestern high school. Dispensing with the traditional outside speakers, the students planned and put on their own event from start to finish. They gave the speeches, provided the music, and

even introduced the candidates for diplomas. A committee of students worked out the details with the advice of six faculty members.

## Safe Stepping

Is Baby off to explore the world in his first pair of hard-soled shoes? He may find the navigating unsteady, especially on smooth-surfaced floors. You may spare him a tumble or two if you sandpaper the soles of his shoes.

## Please, Mr. Motorist!

Do you have a new driver in the family? Is he (or she) sometimes on edge in traffic, like a good many beginning drivers? Even after they've passed their driving test and their license is safe in their pocket, those new to the steering wheel may be nervous and uneasy on the road, particularly if other motorists follow too closely, cut in sharply, or nose in and out of line impatiently. Can life be made easier for the novice at the wheel? Yes, says Alfred Moseley, researcher at the Harvard School of Public Health. Have fledgling motorists hang a *New Driver* sign on the back bumper. Motorists who have tried this device report a marked slackening in tension; other drivers keep a wary eye on the labeled car and give it wide berth in following and passing. An experienced driver who tried the placard exclaimed "You never saw such courtesy!"

## School Reporting Service

If school news is on your worry list you may want to consider the built-in news service that is thriving in one school district. The system is manned by a corps of student reporters, one

for each school. The fledgling correspondents are briefed on their duties by a reporter from the local paper. Though his young aides furnish most of the stories for his weekly page of school news, whenever the need arises he may himself call on school officials for more data.

## UNICEF Day in Camp

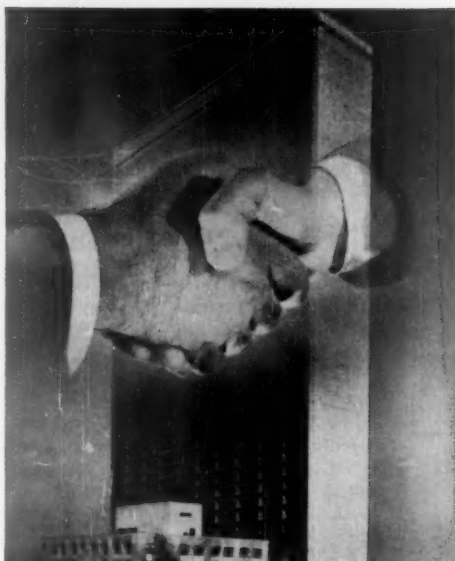
Last summer hundreds of vacation camps in the United States, Canada, Europe, and Australia set aside a day to honor UNICEF, the United Nations International Children's Fund. Boys and girls celebrated it by learning games, songs, and dances of children of other lands. The programs also featured talks and exhibits on the work of UNICEF, the world's largest international organization devoted entirely to the health and welfare of children and their mothers. Camp directors and counselors interested in introducing a UNICEF Day on their 1955 schedule will find many program ideas in the UNICEF Camp Kit, available at one dollar from the U.S. Committee for UNICEF, Room 1860, United Nations, New York.

## Prettying Up the Parkway

The neighbors were far from happy about the scraggly parkway that stretched between street and sidewalk from one end of their block to another. "An eyesore," they agreed. "But it doesn't have to look like this. Let's do something about it." First of all, these Chicagoans called a block meeting and invited Paul Voth, University of Chicago botanist, to come as a consultant. What ideas did he have for the parkway? What kinds of trees and grass would thrive there? How could the topsoil be improved? Botanist Voth offered suggestions, including a proposal that residents buy and share one large load of loam. By the end of the meeting plans for sprucing up the parkway were in the air, and, thanks to teamwork and topnotch counsel, chances were better than fair that the scraggly strip would bloom into a beauty spot.

## Insurance Against Interruptions

*Scene:* Your kitchen. . . . *Action:* You're mixing a cake when the phone rings. You answer the call. . . . *Complication:* When you return to your half-mixed cake you wonder what on earth you should add now. . . . *Suggested solution:* Before you mix a cake, collect all the necessary ingredients and place them to the right of your mixing bowl. As you add an ingredient shift the container to the left of the bowl. With this method you'll be able to tell at a glance how far you've progressed.



© A. Devaney, Inc., N.Y.

# THE People

I SHOULD like to commend the National Congress of Parents and Teachers and to extend my personal gratitude to its president, Mrs. Leonard, who as a member of the Foreign Operations Council during the past eighteen months has given unstintingly of her time, her energy, and her outstanding abilities.

As educators and parents, both in our homes and in our schools, you face a challenge of unparalleled dimensions today. H. G. Wells once commented that "human history becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe."

It is my judgment that we must rely upon our educational system, and those responsible for it at every level, to produce intelligent citizens. These are the kind of human beings who are sorely needed to carry on a patient and continuing search for the ways by which peoples around the world can arrive at a common understanding of universal human problems. They are the kind of men and women who will kindle the torch of creative thought and perpetuate the relentless hunt for the best means to employ mankind's accrued experience.

## Moral Assault on War

To the extent we are able effectively to enlist our knowledge about ourselves, about other peoples, and about the world we live in—to that extent will we release the great propelling forces for progress and move steadily closer to President Eisenhower's overriding objective of a lasting peace.

And Americans do want peace. Ever since President Eisenhower appointed me as his special assistant for disarmament, my office has been deluged with mail, revealing dramatically that people from every walk of life are thinking about, writing about, and talking about peace. This huge volume of mail

supports the President's conviction that the American people believe something can be done about the current arms race for military supremacy.

As a man who has had long firsthand experience with the horrors of war, President Eisenhower understands the urgent necessity for trying to do away with it. As a leader of unshakable faith, vision, and courage, he is convinced that by launching a moral assault on war as an unacceptable method of settling issues among nations, the United States can become a pathfinder for peace.

At the present time I am serving in a dual capacity until completing the presentation of the President's 1956 Mutual Security Program, now before Congress. Ever since they began, Mutual Security Programs have contributed mightily to the development of an unprecedented strength and unity in the free world. Through them the job of restoring the war-torn economies of Western Europe has been completed. A sturdy foundation of collective security, capable of resisting any aggressive threat, has been created.

In the last two years programs of technical cooperation and development assistance have grown both in appropriated funds and in effectiveness. Larger numbers of foreign technicians have come to the United States to study, and more U.S. technicians are working abroad than ever before. More than forty American universities and colleges, with their great depth of experience and know-how, are carrying out technical cooperation assignments in twenty-nine lesser developed countries around the globe.

Clearly, then, these Mutual Security Programs have charted an entirely new and strikingly successful course in developing closer ties among nations and peoples.

With regard to my new assignment, when President Eisenhower appointed me as his special assistant to develop a United States policy on the question of disarmament, he handed me the most challenging assignment of my lifetime. It is, in a sense, to devise an approach on which all nations, large and small, can agree to accept reciprocal responsibility for its success.

Through the ages man has grappled with this



**AND THE**

# Peace



**Harold E. Stassen**

From time to time we have dreamed longingly of the homes, schools, and highways our dollars and energies would build if it were not necessary for us to carry the heavy burden of armament. And now in a historic step President Eisenhower has turned the prayerful hope "If only we could" into a ringing challenge, "How can we?" And through his "Secretary of Peace" he is putting the question to every thoughtful citizen in the land.

problem. Twice in this century alone world wars have threatened the safety of the United States, and Americans have left their families and taken up arms in defense of our cherished freedoms. Each time we believed that the tragic sacrifice of lives would lead to a permanent peace. Yet only ten years since the end of the last great war, an unchecked pyramiding of arms is evident. We cannot be certain we will not have to fight again.

But we do know this. In history every hotly contested arms race has usually ended in a cruelly destructive war. We also recognize that a one-sided willingness to discard arms has only invited aggression by those nations rejecting disarmament. Thus it is clear the answer must never be unilateral weakness.

We are equally aware that modern warfare would be unimaginably destructive. Weapons have been conceived that would enable a single squadron of modern bombers in one flight to pack a wallop more deadly than all the bombs carried by all the airplanes on both sides in World War II.

The search for a sound answer to the overshadowing dilemma the world finds itself in today—the danger from modern armament counterbalanced by the need for modern armament—will take time. But I have been heartened to discover that most people who have written me and with whom I have talked have no delusions about the enormity of the task. More important, while the surface cynicism harbored by some confirmed skeptics tends to obscure the deep longing most Americans have for peace, it is a fact that most people believe that an acceptable disarmament plan is possible.

The stakes for this nation and for the Russian nation and for all mankind are so high that we must succeed in resolving this number one question on

the world agenda today. We can recall what President Eisenhower said on December 7, 1953, before the United Nations Assembly:

The United States pledges before you—and therefore before the world—its determination to help solve the fearful atomic dilemma, to devote its entire heart and mind to finding the way by which the miraculous inventiveness of man shall not be dedicated to his death but consecrated to his life.

Already thirty young scientists from twenty-one nations have responded to America's offer of cooperation. At the Argonne Laboratory in Chicago they are studying the countless ways of converting this new source of energy into peace power. And in August the International Conference on Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy will convene in Geneva.

## **Our Generation Gets an Assignment**

In all these endeavors there is continuously in view an unwavering determination to discover how to turn atomic bombs into atomic benefits, make nuclear power mean nuclear plenty for all mankind. The momentum of progress already achieved sets the stage for this new task.

I approach my new assignment with a deep humility and with a resolve strengthened by the knowledge that reducing the fearsome prospects of war would be the greatest legacy our generation could leave its children. It is my hope and prayer that I may in some degree justify the informal title that has been placed upon the assignment—Secretary of Peace.

---

*This article is condensed from the text of an address given by Harold E. Stassen on May 25 at the annual convention of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers in Chicago.*

# *I Am an*

When the teacher-librarian broke the news of her coming baby, it became part of the curriculum. The youngest children brought up their queries during the story hour. The middle grades acknowledged the happy announcement in their art work. And the high school students discussed it in their science and physiology classes.

## Ona Brameld

baby. Of course he'd heard about it—who hadn't?—but what he didn't know was this:

"Will you have your baby, Ona, the same way whale mothers do?"

He knew about whales, all right, but he wasn't quite certain about human beings. When I assured Billy that the process was pretty similar, he seemed so pleased that he just had to share the news with his friend Harry across the cafeteria. (To be accurate, maybe Bill had something in his not-too-edifying comparison. As my eighth month of pregnancy approached, my circumference was truly impressive.)

Several months earlier, at the outset of the academic year, I had joyfully announced to my colleagues of the faculty, "I'm going to be a mother." Their response was just what I had hoped it would be. No one even hinted that I ought to seclude myself from public gaze "for the duration"—emerging only when I could display my baby bundled in my arms, with a look of studied astonishment on my face. My obstetrician had recommended that, since I was in blooming health, I continue working practically until, in his words, "labor pains send you rushing off to the hospital."

My husband, a university professor, had fully agreed. And our director, John Brooks, far from grumbling about the inconvenience of finding a substitute, had welcomed the opportunity to turn me into a learning experience for the entire school—for parents and teachers as well as for the interracial student body of some three hundred and fifty boys and girls, ranging all the way from the three-year-olds in the nursery school to the seniors in high school.

Take the parents first. In no time at all many of the mothers who help in all sorts of school activities were coming to me to congratulate me on my "condition" and to report the reactions of their children. Mrs. Johnston, for instance, quoted a comment



© Irene Preston Miller

Mrs. Brameld and two interested youngsters.

"HEY, HARRY, did you know Ona was going to have a baby, just like a whale?"

Billy, a budding zoologist, aged ten, hurled his question in a ringing voice at his pal sitting at a nearby table.

We'd been talking together in the cafeteria of New Lincoln, an experimental school in New York City, where I hold the position of teacher-librarian. Between huge gulps of milk Billy was bringing me up to date on a class report I knew he'd been laboriously preparing for weeks. Its title: "The Life Cycle of Whales." In fact, Billy was by now quite an authority on nature's largest mammal. The range of his information was easily greater than that of anyone in the whole school, the staff included.

Since teachers and students maintain a relaxed, informal partnership, it wasn't at all unusual that Billy and I should be having lunch together or that I should be called by my first name. Nor was it surprising that, during the course of our chat, I should happen to mention that I might not be around to read his completed masterpiece. I was going on leave of absence very soon, I told him, in order to have a

# "Expectant" Teacher

of her young daughter, made in the course of supper: "I'll just die if it isn't a girl so I can play with it, 'cause I hate boys!"

Mothers have been generous, too. They've brought me piles of lovely baby clothes no longer needed at home. They've offered bassinets, baby carriages, play pens, and much good advice.

"How different from my experience," Mrs. Stewart, a library helper, confessed to me with a trace of envy. "A few years ago I became pregnant while teaching in a small Pennsylvania city. I felt every bit as well and strong as you and just as reluctant to give up teaching. But did I have a thing to say about it? I should say not! The rule there is that women teachers must quit the moment their pregnancy is determined."

## Varying Views

Out of curiosity as to how far other schools have progressed in this matter, I did a little research on my own. The most recent survey I could find, conducted by the National Education Association, reveals that in one hundred fifty-seven communities of more than thirty thousand population, 80 per cent of the school systems expect the pregnant teacher to take "maternity leave" or to resign between the fourth and sixth month (depending, obviously, upon when "visibility" begins). Children, it seems, must be guarded from the awful spectacle, lest they see and question and learn about an experience that in some fashion they sooner or later learn about anyway.

But if they learn anyway, why bother the school? The answer should be obvious enough to any sampling of parents who recall their own childhood, and how and where they "got" their first information on the mysterious, ever fascinating subject of sex. By contrast, consider the case of Exhibit A—namely, me.

I've been called upon by my fellow teachers maybe a dozen times in recent months to visit their classes when some phase of human physiology is under consideration or simply when a group of youngsters express curiosity about my baby.

Robert Evans, our high school science teacher, sent representatives from his classes to interview me as to diet and exercise and, on the basis of their study, to make recommendations of their own. Carol and Judy thought I really should be drinking more milk. In turn I shared with them dietary suggestions that I'd learned from my doctor or my reading.

Thus we taught one another. From that time on I dutifully drank two glasses of milk every day at lunch. And when I loaded my tray with lettuce and

cottage cheese, I was rewarded in a way even more satisfying than the luscious chocolate cake I'd left on the counter—by smiles of approval from Carol and Judy.

On another occasion the senior class invited me to be its special guest at a movie on human birth. It was a fine picture, showing exactly what happens from the moment of fertilization of the egg to the passage of the baby through the birth canal. I was even more impressed, though, by the attitude of my hosts. As these young adults—average age, seventeen—watched the picture and discussed it afterward, not a single self-conscious giggle could be heard!

## Taboos Are Taboo

The fact that our senior students wished me to see the movie with them was quite in character. They've studied sex off and on, in terms of their own levels of readiness, ever since they were old enough to study at all—that is, since the first grade. Never is it regarded as something more secret, more dreadful than the atomic bomb. Just as Billy knows how whales mate and give birth, so do other young children watch live animals in their classroom menageries—rabbits, mice, chickens, hamsters, and goodness knows what else—follow their life cycles. When Mildred, aged seven, announces that her parents are going to have a baby next fall, the group is likelier than not to discuss her announcement right then and there. Jane King, first-grade teacher, answers all questions directly and simply. The old taboos—"You'd better ask your mamma to explain it, and now let's get back to the lesson"—are themselves taboo.

Explaining the physiology of pregnancy to the satisfaction and comprehension of young children has been, quite naturally, a particular challenge to me. As librarian, I've been helped by several excellent books, some containing numerous diagrams that show how the fetus develops and how it is fastened to the mother, as well as the hundred and one other facts that children, especially around eight and nine, are so inquisitive about. One of the best, in my opinion, is Sidonie Gruenberg's *The Wonderful Story of How You Were Born*, which begins by repudiating the old myths about birth so commonly offered to children to this day. Mrs. Gruenberg believes that even the youngest children are entitled to honest answers. So does Milton Levine, M.D., whose book for young children, *A Baby Is Born*, provides not only detailed diagrams of the male and female but explains the roles of both father and mother in creating a new human being.



As a "laboratory specimen"—and a live one, at that—my experience proves another thing: The richest learning often occurs when youngsters aren't aware that they're learning at all. Books and systematic instruction are important, of course. But the simple, everyday associations, the matter-of-fact events that concern any normal child—these are at least equally important. Let me illustrate.

During a recent storytelling session with the littlest boys and girls I thought I should tell them that another librarian would soon be taking over for a while, since I'd be leaving to have a baby. At once I was overwhelmed with questions:

"Do you want a boy or a girl?"

"What hospital are you going to—the one I was born at?"

"How'd you like to have triplets?"

"Will it have brown hair, like yours?"

"Will you bring it to school so we can see it?"

I tried to answer every child, and promised to present the baby in person for inspection at the earliest opportunity. Robert, more impatient than the rest, piped up, "I wish you'd bring it tomorrow." Whereupon Louise, sophisticated young lady of six, turned on him scornfully. "Why, you dummy, she's got it with her now!"

I'm afraid my regular duty of reading a story that morning wasn't much of a success. But something else was. And I'm willing to argue that the "something else"—the experience of seeing, sharing, living what the children learned—will be remembered ever so much longer than any story I could possibly have told.

The older boys are solicitous about my "delicate condition." If I so much as pick up a big dictionary, one or another is sure to snatch it from me with a good-natured "Hey, Ona, you're not supposed to lift heavy things. Now don't you go doing that again." If I find it necessary to climb onto a chair to reach a book or magazine, I'm almost knocked from my perch by some zealous young man seeking to protect me from my own foolhardiness.

#### Answers to Age-old Questions

The high school girls' interest takes another turn. As I awkwardly stoop to replace some book on a lower shelf or try ineffectually to squeeze me and my tummy through a too narrow aisle, they often eye

me thoughtfully. And I'm sure some are wondering "What's it like? Is it really so unpleasant? Or is it kind of nice?"

Several of the girls and I have chatted earnestly about just such queries. Our conversations go pretty much like this:

"Ona, do you think the baby'll arrive on time?"

"The doctor says it ought to—just about."

"Aren't you scared to think about it? I mean going to the hospital and the pain and all that?"

"Not really, Ruth. Why should I be? I'm in good health. An excellent doctor takes care of me, and he tells me not to listen to old wives' tales. I'm not exactly the first, you know. It does seem to happen quite often. . . ."

"Just the same, I'd be scared stiff."

"Well, knowing what's going to happen makes a lot of difference. I've read several good books on the whole business. They're fascinating, too. I can hardly be frightened by the unexpected, anyway."

"But most women quit working long before their babies come. You're here every day. Are you sure it's okay for you and the baby to keep going this way?"

"Yes, Ruth, I'm sure. My doctor says it's better for both of us. Provided, of course, that I feel well on the whole. Too often a woman who suddenly quits her job is tempted to sit around home and concentrate on her symptoms—worrying, fretting, maybe dreaming up imaginary ones. That way, women sometimes even become semi-invalids when they could be much better off occupying themselves."

"Another thing I've discovered. Being around teachers and kids every day who're so interested and enthusiastic—somehow, it's just good for my morale. Why, I feel kind of important!"

"You know, Ona"—this with a dreamy look—"maybe some day I'd like to have a baby."

Conversations like that give me deep satisfaction. Even the girls who have never discussed the matter with me can see for themselves that pregnancy doesn't necessarily mean illness, forced retirement, or blushing embarrassment.

Besides, there have been moments of wonderful fun. My friends, the boys and girls of the third-fourth group, decided one day to work on a special art project—greeting cards for me. I shall always treasure them. Crayon pictures, accompanied by





fitting messages, offer all sorts of name suggestions, give solemn advice on how to treat the baby and portray rather startling notions of how it will look. Several children attached little presents to their cards—cologne, hand lotion, even a clip-on bow tie “from Charlie to Ona’s husben.” The greeting I like best of all, though, is Pauline’s lavishly illustrated booklet, two words to a page: “I hope—you have—very good—luck and—he or—she is—nice and—good and—a bookworm.”

### Final Festivities

On another morning, as my last weeks at New Lincoln approached, I received a phone call from the administrative office. It was Mr. Howell, our business manager, requesting me rather sternly to bring him a report on the library budget. After frantically adding columns of figures, groaning at the total, I squared my shoulders and marched straight to the inner sanctum. Mr. Howell, however, seemed strangely cool to my brisk explanations. Instead, he kept glancing at his watch, at last suggesting, after what seemed to me an indecently long interval for such a busy man, “Let’s go to lunch.”

And what a lunch it was! The faculty lounge had been rearranged for the occasion. On the center table was an exquisite bouquet of yellow roses. On another was a miniature bassinet of cardboard and tissue paper in which slumbered a cuddly doll all diapered and wrapped in blankets. I was, Director Brooks instructed me, to begin practicing my impending maternal chores immediately, without further delay.

The nicest thing about the faculty party was that nobody sang “Farewell to Thee.” “Auf Wiedersehen—Until We Meet Again” would have been fine. For we *are* going to meet again. Exactly when I’m coming back has been left undecided for the present. Maybe it will be a year, maybe longer. Says Dr. Brooks, “Let’s see how you feel about it a few months from now.”

This is a wise policy, I think, both for me and for my school. On my side I soon begin my leave with no mixed feelings about the work I enjoy and the baby I want. The conflicts and frustrations that so many young wives suffer from supposing it must be an either-or choice—profession or parenthood—are, it seems to me, too often needless.

And on the school’s side, isn’t it simply common sense to expect that many boys and girls will also benefit indirectly by my experience as a mother? How good it would be for American schools if more teachers were to marry, have children, and return to their jobs!

Ideally what I should like is an arrangement to return on a part-time basis for at least a year, gradually increasing my daily stint until finally I’m once more on my old schedule. Naturally this will require a good helper at home for the time I’m away. My husband will do his share too. He believes firmly that the father should take as much responsibility as his position permits and that the love he can give his children is just as necessary to their well-being as the mother’s love.

It’s important to realize also that recent research challenges the theory that a child suffers unless the mother is with him practically every moment of the day. That she should be with him most of the time, especially during infancy and the early years, is of course true. But psychologists are now discovering that frequently both mother and child seem more relaxed, and in general happier, when they have certain periods away from each other. (Here is one reason, incidentally, why we want our child to attend a good nursery school by the time he or she is three.)

This is not to say, of course, that my pattern of living or my plans for the future would suit everyone. Obviously, pregnancy isn’t as pleasant for every woman as it’s been for me. Nor is the combination of parenthood and profession always workable. Yet granting all this, as I gladly do, I’d still like to see more married teachers face the problem of potential and actual motherhood much more realistically—with the hearty backing of school officials and, above all, of parents themselves.

For one expectant teacher, certainly, it’s been a “whale” of an experience!

---

*Ona Brameld taught high school English in Minnesota before becoming teacher-librarian at New Lincoln School in New York. She is the wife of Theodore Brameld, who is professor of educational philosophy at New York University. The Bramelds proudly announce that the new arrival, awaited with so much interest by so many, is a daughter.*



# ARE WE GETTING OUR

From laboratories, test kitchens, and experimental farms we have learned much about the power packed in food. How can we make sure that this knowledge has been fully used in producing the foods we get from the grocery shelf?

Russell M. Wilder, M.D.



© H. Armstrong Roberts

WE ALL know that every food contains one or more of three classes of foodstuffs—proteins, fats, and carbohydrates. An example of a nearly pure protein is the white of egg. A nearly pure fat is butter. A highly pure carbohydrate is cornstarch. After these foodstuffs are digested, they are absorbed into the body. Chemical changes reduce them to their component parts, with a consequent release of heat and other forms of energy required for life. This energy can be measured in calories—a familiar word to nearly everyone. One of the first requirements of any diet is that it supply the right number of calories. If it doesn't supply enough, then the person loses weight, as his body devours itself to release the energy required for life. On the other hand, if the diet contains too many calories, not all the food is used for energy, and the excess is stored away as fat.

"Nothing new here," you say. "Practically every school child knows about calories and about proteins, carbohydrates, and fats." But do you know that the several proteins, such as those in meat, beans, cereals, and dairy products, differ markedly in com-

position? Each protein is made up of a variety of amino acids, and not less than eight of these are essential—essential not only to life but also in the sense that they cannot be produced in the body. They must, therefore, be contained in the food we eat. In general the proteins of meat, eggs, and milk are superior—as far as amino acids are concerned—to the proteins in vegetables.

The protein in your diet, then, must include enough high quality proteins to make sure that the body has its necessary minimum of each amino acid. Furthermore, to be of maximum value, all these various amino acids ought to be provided at every meal. Research has shown that they must march along together if our body tissues are to use them to best advantage.

About fats and carbohydrates we don't have to worry too much. Both are sources of caloric energy, and one can largely replace the other—except that diets extremely low in fats are usually not very appetizing. Also some fat is required to enable the body to absorb certain vitamins that are soluble only

# Meal's Worth?

in fat. For our foods supply not only calories and proteins but a wide variety of vitamins as well as mineral salts of sodium, potassium, calcium, iron, and other elements. We need to make sure that our daily diet contains all these vitamins and minerals because our body requires a certain minimum allowance of each.

## Nutrition in Years Past

I suppose you are wondering how in the name of Providence anyone who isn't an expert in nutrition can possibly plan his eating so as not to make mistakes in such a complex business. How, for instance, did our ancestors, without any formal knowledge of nutrition, manage to survive? The answer is simply that they didn't do so well. Many of them were not as vigorous or long-lived as they might have been with better diets.

On the other hand, we are at an even greater disadvantage in some ways than were our ancestors. In their day foods were less sophisticated. Their meats were not processed by high temperatures, which have an unfavorable effect on nutritional values. Their vegetables were mostly fresh. The flour our grandmothers used was ground between stones, whereas ours is ground between steel rolls, and the milling products are separated more completely. Our flour today is whiter, but lower in natural vitamins.

Most important is the fact that our forebears used much smaller amounts of sugar than we do. Sugar supplies calories but almost nothing else—no amino acids, no vitamins, and no minerals, or at most only small traces of these nutrients. Since the amount of food we eat is determined largely by our capacity for calories, if we eat more sugar we will eat less of the foods containing amino acids, vitamins, and minerals.

So, you see, in former times if people got the amount of food they wanted (which wasn't always the case) they usually got the necessary nutrients. Today, however, we can fill up on sweets and fats and processed products and be deprived of one or several of the essential nutrients. Many people who buy only refined salt develop goiter because the iodine has been left out. Those who use margarine may run short of vitamin A, which is found naturally in butter.

Well, what can be done to give our food its old nutritional values? Actually something *has* been done, but more needs doing. More than thirty years ago Marine and Kimball taught us that our diet was short in iodine and that a minute amount of iodine put in all our table salt would practically eliminate goiter. Nowadays salt fortified with iodine—so-called iodized salt—is on the market, but unless you ask for it you may not get it. Why not require that all salt used for eating purposes be iodized?

I am reliably informed that all our margarine now is fortified with vitamin A by a voluntary agreement of the manufacturers. But again should we be content with a voluntary program? Why not require that all margarine be so fortified?

Much of our white flour and a considerable proportion of commercial bakers' bread is labeled *Enriched*. That label means it contains a certain minimum of the nutrients thiamine, riboflavin, niacin, and iron. This flour-and-bread enrichment program was launched fifteen years ago at the instigation of the nutrition scientists of the American Medical Association and the National Research Council, and the benefit to the public health has been significant. The enrichment of bread and flour, which involved restoring the more important vitamins, has meant that each person's consumption of thiamine is doubled and that of niacin and riboflavin materially increased.

## Standards for All Foods

Today twenty-six states have laws requiring that all white baker's bread, all family flour, and (in several states) all corn meal be enriched. The fact that beriberi and pellagra have virtually disappeared in this country since 1940 can be attributed in large part to this program.

But again, why are we content to depend on a voluntary program, which certainly will break down in time as interest in it wanes? Why not require everywhere that all white flour, white bread, and corn meal contain not less than a certain minimum of each of these nutritional essentials? In fact, if we really believe that preventing malnutrition is an important public health measure, why not ensure the vitamin and mineral content of *every* food consumed in quantity?

Education of the public in nutrition is helping

to secure more widespread use of better diets, but such education fails to reach many who need it most. If the nutritive quality of all foods consumed in quantity were assured by regulation (just as is the purity of the water and milk we drink), it would be hard for anyone to go wrong, nutritionally speaking.

The vigor of an entire nation can depend on what its citizens eat. We saw this demonstrated convincingly in England during and after World War II. Every other war has brought tragic increases in infant mortality, maternal mortality, and deaths from tuberculosis. In World War II, however, England had fewer infant deaths. Fewer women died in childbirth, and fewer people died of tuberculosis. And all this occurred at a time of great anxiety, when housing was a serious problem, when crowds of people were packed into poorly ventilated bomb shelters, when there was a grave shortage of physicians. In fact, the only condition that was better, instead of worse, was food.

With imports drastically curtailed, the British government was obliged to assume responsibility for all food distribution. Hence the science of nutrition could be put to work on a gigantic scale. Rationing meant that everyone received his share of essential foods. This share for several items—notably milk, meat, and eggs—often represented much more than many people previously could afford to buy. There were also special dispensations for groups with special needs—pregnant women, children, the sick, and persons engaged in very heavy occupations. In addition, the nutritional quality of all bread was improved, and the margarine was fortified with vitamin A. Instead of enriching their flour and bread, as we have done, they undermilled the flour. The people did not like its baking quality or its coarse appearance, but they used it and benefited from it.

Another notable example of what happens to the public health when the diet is improved has taken place in Newfoundland. Early in 1944 the government of that island country, aware that many people were suffering from poor diets, decided to demand enrichment of the flour and fortification of the margarine. As a check on the effect of this procedure, a group of physicians was invited to examine a sample of the population in 1944 and again a few years later. In that group, of which I was a member, were nutrition specialists from the United States, Canada, and England. Surveys were conducted on the coast of Newfoundland in August 1944, very soon after enrichment of the flour started, and again in August 1948.

The contrast between the condition of the people in 1944 and 1948 was dramatic. The reddened, weepy eyes, the cracked and swollen lips, and the beefy tongues so conspicuous in 1944 had largely disappeared four years later. There was a striking improvement also in the attitudes of the people. They

were more alert, more active. Children especially seemed to have lost their former apathy. They no longer waited patiently for their examinations. Unless they were shooed away, they clustered around the examiners' tables, interested and curious. They swarmed over the decks of our motorboat when we docked at outposts. When the health statistics were compiled for 1948, it was found that in Newfoundland the very high infant mortality had been almost halved. Maternal mortality had fallen greatly, as had the death rate from tuberculosis.

### Making It Hard To Be Malnourished

Yet, alas, here in the United States we find among educated people a tendency to ignore the importance of nutrition as a problem. We have an abundance of food. We pride ourselves on being the best fed population in the world. We conclude that we are adequately nourished because we get enough to eat.

There are indications, however, that this judgment may be wrong. Take, for instance, the food consumption studies of the Department of Agriculture, which are conducted every few years. Always they show that a fairly large proportion of our people, though they may be rich in possessions, are poorly fed. Then, too, whenever nutrition surveys involving physical examinations have been made anywhere in the country they have, with rare exceptions, revealed a surprising incidence of malnutrition.

Will we get better or worse? Unfortunately, in the United States we have had no system of periodic examinations to tell us whether our people's nutritional status has improved or deteriorated in the past ten years. And ten years from now, if our efforts to assess nutritional health are no more systematic than they have been, we shall continue in our ignorance. Yet any program undertaken to improve our nutritional practices should include health surveys. It should involve annual or more frequent physical examinations of a scientifically selected sample of the population. These examinations should be made by physicians who have been trained to recognize evidence of nutritional ill-health. Finally, the program also should include research activities to improve our methods for diagnosing malnutrition.

The responsibility for such activities rests squarely on our public health authorities. But they must move slowly until we the people become aware of the extent to which our resistance to disease, our mental alertness, and our vigor as a nation are dependent on the quality of our diet.

---

*Russell M. Wilder, M.D., professor emeritus and head of the department of medicine at the Mayo Foundation, is known for his pioneering work in clinical nutrition, for which he last year received the Joseph Goldberger Award. His research on how diabetics use sugars and starches has benefited thousands.*



• *How can parents hope to evaluate teaching methods in their own public school when so-called authorities disagree so pointedly on what constitutes good teaching? Where can we go for constructive help in this matter?*—J. R. M.

If you mean evaluate in terms of a scale or measure, I doubt that anyone will ever invent, design, or otherwise figure out a measuring stick for good teaching. True, it has been tried, but the efforts have been greeted with Bronx cheers.

Let's look at a parallel. Could you evaluate the methods of a minister? Well, we do, of course, in a rough fashion. One person will say, "Dr. Pierce is wonderful. So inspiring!" Another will retort, "How you can like that man's sermons is more than I can understand." Or one may say, "Dr. Pierce is very good at parish duties but not so good in the pulpit." No one attempts to give Dr. Pierce A for parish duties and B minus for sermons. If anybody ever did, there would be little agreement on grades, and Dr. Pierce, exasperated, would soon answer a call from another church.

If we can't measure preachers, what success shall we have with teachers? Not much.

Must you, then, give up any thought of identifying good teachers? No. Your board of education and superintendent always ask for the record of each applicant. If the applicant has had teaching experience, letters from previous employers are usually requested. The board may make an independent inquiry beyond the record of academic achievement and experience submitted. Industries use the same practice in hiring white-collar workers. Oral interviews follow the study of records. Actual employment will include a try-out period during which an unsatisfactory worker may be discharged.

Remember that every teacher comes to the school after a long testing period: professional education and some student teaching. The really weak candidates have already fallen by the wayside. The ones you receive have been stamped *Good* by one or more colleges or universities.

Your own school system has, or should have, requirements for in-service training and supplementary education. It rewards teachers for getting degrees. It assists and encourages the good teacher to be better.

I'd like to return to ministers. They come in different styles: dramatic, gloomy, brightly cheery, logical, person-to-person, and so on. Each does what he can do best—what fits his own convictions and his own congregation.

So it is with teachers. Each learns what works for him or her. Each develops his own technique for maintaining discipline. One likes to operate with student committees; another follows the textbook to the letter. One uses instructional aids; another will not. Who shall say which has the best teaching method or is the best (or better) teacher?

At present and in the foreseeable future you might just as well put aside inquiries into quality. You hire and hope for the best. Two weeks ago I heard the president-elect of the University of Illinois declare that the supply of graduating teachers cannot hope to keep pace with the tide of children entering the schools. He stated that the dilemma will force us to use alternatives to the standard pattern of a teacher and class of twenty-five to thirty students. We may call upon TV and radio and films to help us teach. It's already being done in many places. Perhaps soon you may be addressing a question about the quality of teaching to TV program producers!

• *My child is five and a half and will not be permitted to go to school until next fall. But he shows great eagerness to read. He loves the books we have bought for him and pretends to read them. Some of my friends tell me I should not encourage him to learn. Are they right?*—MRS. A. L.

Probably the best answer to many questions like this one comes from a mother—Edith G. Stull, author of a bright, engaging new pamphlet called *Janie Learns To Read*. You can be sure that it contains reliable advice because it is issued by the Depart-



ment of Elementary School Principals and the National School Public Relations Association, both departments of the National Education Association.

*Janie Learns To Read* makes its points quickly in a mere thirty-eight pages. You will find it divided into two sections—"These Things Happen at Home" and "These Things Happen at School." Here's an example of the advice in section one:

You helped Janie get ready for reading when you scorned baby talk. Reading, after all, is written talk. Speaking to Janie in clear, grown-up language she understands teaches her our spoken language. Some children come to school with an unintelligible collection of baby and private talk that only a battery of translators could interpret.

And again:

Reading is getting meaning from printed symbols. In order to take meaning from reading, Janie must bring some understanding to it. If she had never seen a park or a picture of a park, or if she had never heard anything about parks, the word "park" would mean absolutely nothing to her—even if she could sound it out as she read it.

You can give your child the experiences that will fill printed symbol words with meaning.

Then the pamphlet takes you into the school to watch modern methods of teaching reading. It takes up that question of "reading readiness" which differs so widely among children.

This reminds me of the experience of my niece's little boy Stephen. He set off for his first day at school with high hopes. Soon after lunch he came home disconsolate. When his mother asked him what happened he replied, "I don't see much use going back. I've been at school a whole day and they didn't teach me to read."

*Janie Learns To Read* should answer the questions of many parents, if not their children. Single copies are fifty cents from the National Education Association, 1201 Sixteenth Street N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

• *My son is a sophomore in high school, and you should see how he writes! Words misspelled, poor grammar, baby-like sentences! When I ask him whether his teacher requires him to write compositions he says, "Not very often." Have the schools ceased to teach composition?—Mrs. E. K.*

• *I have just paid thirty-five dollars to a private instructor to improve my daughter's reading. The instruction was successful, but why should I have to pay for something the schools ought to be doing? I already pay heavy school taxes.—M. H.*

You won't like my answer. Nor will certain of my friends in education.

Some of the educational service parents want must be privately arranged and privately paid for. You must reconcile yourselves to a decrease in certain services rendered by your public schools.

Why? Because the flood of children compels school authorities to water down their programs. There

just isn't enough money. What can be found must be spread thinner.

A teacher, therefore, may cut down on compositions. Read what a California survey revealed:

Every set of 250-word compositions received by a teacher with a . . . pupil load of 150 a day adds an additional 21.5 hours of reading and marking to the regular work week. The 431 teachers who participated in the study report that almost all such work must be done in the evenings and on week ends.

Is it any wonder, then, that "some teachers have virtually dropped composition as a class activity?" What is true of the teaching of composition is true also of other subjects requiring individual attention.

This state of affairs may not be an unmixed calamity. For the first time in our history most parents can afford to pay for instruction over and above that offered in the public school. Certainly such a practice is not new. I can remember taking private piano lessons at a time my father earned no more than thirty-five dollars a week. If my parents could afford special instruction then, there are millions who can more readily afford it now.

When you think about it, you will recall that every city offers a wide choice of education outside the public schools. Music schools abound. The Boy and Girl Scouts and numerous other youth-serving organizations give instruction in many skills. So do the Y's, the boys' clubs, and the 4-H.

Do public school administrators recognize, encourage, and cooperate with nonschool education? Not much. But there is a beginning. Leaders like Professor Herold Hunt of Harvard (former superintendent of schools in Chicago) propose close school ties with youth-serving organizations.

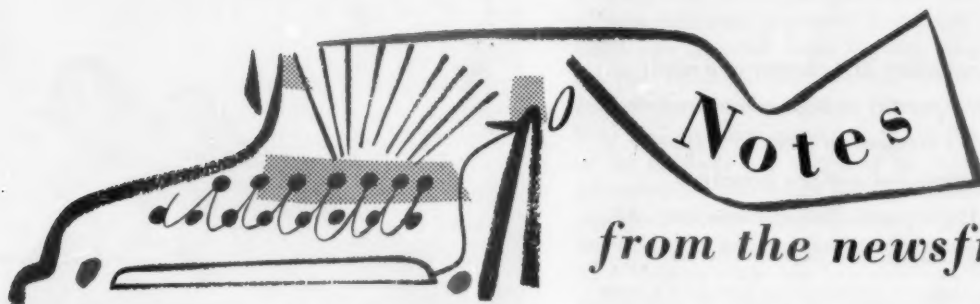
Now that this movement is on the march, where can it go? Perhaps the music educators can supply a guide. Encouragement of private instruction by public school music teachers is an old story. Some public schools even maintain lists of private music teachers and private schools.

The difficulties are many, but the need is great and growing. If the public school tells you frankly it cannot give your child adequate instruction in composition or reading skills, why should it not at the same time give you the names of private instructors who can do it? Why should the board of education not act to encourage the creation of broad-scale, acceptable private education supplementing public education?

Of course there are people who will argue that such a movement would weaken public education. They will say that if the public wants service, it will find the tax money. On the other hand, would not public education be strengthened by doing well what it must do and encouraging private education to share the task of meeting needs for specialized knowledge and skill?

—WILLIAM D. BOUTWELL





**Scoop!**—Here's the biggest piece of membership news in P.T.A. history. Figures just released by the National Congress of Parents and Teachers show a total of 9,409,282 members. The gain in membership during the 1952-55 administration was 2,190,117—the greatest gain made in any three-year period. This information supersedes the incomplete figures given in the May *National Congress Bulletin*.

**Leaves from a Life.**—The late Albert Einstein dated his interest in physics from the day when, at the age of four or five, he caught his first glimpse of a magnetic compass. Enthralled by the action of the needle and sensing in it the profound mystery in the world about him, he told himself that "something deeply hidden had to be behind things." . . . Another story about the eminent physicist belongs to the last years of his life. Each day a little girl who lived in the neighborhood would stop on her way home from school to visit with him. Concerned that the child might be intruding on the world-famous scientist, the mother asked him what he and his young visitor had in common. "It's perfectly simple," he shrugged. "She likes me to help her with her arithmetic, and I like the jelly beans she brings me."

**Tooth-saving Project.**—This spring fifteen hundred youngsters in Washington, D. C., are getting free dental examinations. Most of the young patients are three- and four-year-olds in play groups organized by the District Recreation Department. The examinations will be given each year, under the sponsorship of the District of Columbia chapter of the American Society of Dentistry for Children, to provide statistics on the effects of fluoridation. Dentists on the project are offering their time and their services without charge.

**A Husky Bill.**—American communities spend almost two billion dollars a year to fight air pollution.

**Five Separate Paths.**—The famous Diligenti quintuplets of Argentina, now eleven years old, all attend different schools. To ease their social adjustment, their father decided that each child should make his way on his own.

**Rainbow at Work.**—Black office typewriters are depressing, a color psychologist claims. In fact, they're depressing enough to cut a typist's speed by several notches. For added pep at the keyboard he suggests bright-colored machines. Yellow, he says, packs the most zip.

**Places To Play.**—Public parks, playgrounds, and other recreation areas are not keeping pace with the great increase in America's child population or with the decrease in back yards. These days many children have practically no yards of their own to play in because most new homes are now being built on small lots. This reminder that far

too little play space is being set aside for lively, growing boys and girls comes from the National Recreation Association. The Association's 1954 report states: "We cannot bring back the forests, the streams, and the rural countryside where earlier generations found opportunities for play. . . . But we can build a twentieth-century America where there will be increased opportunities for play and leisure living."

**Books and the Peace.**—Educators from North America, Europe, Asia, and Africa will meet in Brussels, Belgium, this summer from July 11-15 to discuss the revision of textbooks for peace and world understanding. In preparation for the meeting Howard E. Wilson, Secretary of the Educational Policies Commission of the National Education Association, is directing a survey of texts used in the schools of fifty nations. Educators who will be in Europe and wish to attend the meeting may get further information from Everett R. Clinchy, 318 Fourth Avenue, New York 15, New York.

**The Light That Sears.**—A summer day. . . . A child is lying on his back on the beach or in a field, looking up at the sky. The familiar picture brings a warning from Dr. H. Richard Mayer, an eye specialist. Caution your children not to look directly at the sun. Its rays have the power to destroy sight, can bring on total blindness within seconds.

**Pick-and-shovel Peacemakers.**—Last year more than sixty-nine thousand young volunteers left their homelands to help in work camps abroad, UNESCO reports. More than half of the young campers went into Indian villages, where they dug wells, built roads, and improved sanitation and irrigation. About seven thousand worked on homes for European workers and refugees. Another seven thousand helped put up or landscaped institutions like old people's homes, hospitals, sanatoriums, and schools. Still others volunteered to work on youth centers, playgrounds, and sports fields or to rebuild after earthquakes, avalanches, and floods.

**Turnabout.**—Eight-year-old Eric Knowles had the exasperating habit of stalling when he was called to meals. His father, Malcolm Knowles of the Adult Education Association, decided to try role playing. Eric was to play Father, and Father was to play son. When Eric, played by Father, was called to the table, he dillydallied, giving excuse after excuse for not coming. Finally the real Eric had had enough. He issued an ultimatum. "Come by the time I count three, or your supper is going into the garbage pail!" The father-turned-son was in no hurry. At the count of three his place at the table was still empty. True to his word, young Eric promptly dumped the food into the pail. The episode marked the end of the eight-year-old's tardiness at mealtimes.

*This is the introductory first chapter of a new pamphlet for the parents of high school students, It's High Time. A companion piece to Happy Journey, the helpful and popular preschool pamphlet, It's High Time offers aid, comfort, and good counsel to mothers and fathers who want to give their adolescent children the best and wisest of guidance. The pamphlet was prepared and published jointly by the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, the National Association of Secondary-School Principals, and the National School Public Relations Association.*



© H. Armstrong Roberts

# IT'S HIGH TIME

STANDARD operating equipment for the parent of a youngster of high school age ought to be a shock-proof constitution, limitless supplies of patience, an understanding of how adolescents grow, and an ability to roll with the punches.

For one thing, you, the parent, rarely know in advance what role you're going to play. In quick succession (sometimes simultaneously!) your offspring may cast you as a heartless monster, a slave driver, a hopelessly old-fashioned frump, a skinflint, a kill-joy, or a prince among men.

Parents need a special set of antennae to help them understand all these lightning changes of mood and mind, which are frequently signs of growth in their youngsters.

You can use your everyday eyes and ears to note the outward signs of growth in adolescence—that Marge's figure is rounding out, that Jim's voice is deepening. But everyday eyes and ears are not enough to divine and understand the growth going on *inside*—that slow, difficult maturing of heart and mind, body and spirit that will, someday soon, turn Jim and Marge into full-fledged adults.

Listen with your everyday ears to the teen-ager rave (as he may do on occasion), and it sounds like this: "The way you act, you'd think I was still in

three-cornered pants! All my friends do it [drive the car, use lipstick, play football, go steady, stay out 'til midnight, work after school], but not me! You're an absolute tyrant!"

But if you could tune in on what he's *really* saying, it might sound something like this:

*Listen to me. I want to grow. I need to feel like an adult, because that is where I'm heading. Let me stand on my own two feet. Let me do some deciding.*

Or:

"Julie's mother lets her use a little bleach in her hair. All the girls do. You said the same thing about my yellow slicker! You want my friends to think I'm peculiar or something?"

*I can't let the crowd down. I have to belong, be recognized, be accepted by the other kids. To be different, to be left out—that's suffering. If it means dungarees, loafers, lipstick, green fingernail polish, ballet slippers, coin bracelets, I want them too. They're the badge of my kind.*

Or:

"Okay, have it your way. Tommy is wonderful! But I think he's a drip! And I'm not going to the dance with him!"

*I feel foolish dancing with Tommy. He's three inches shorter than I am. Why can't Mother see how*

*awful it is to be taller than everybody in my class? I hate my looks!*

Or:

"All right, so I'm never home! What do you expect me to be—some kind of hermit or something? Besides, there's nothing to do around this place!"

*It's nice in Kathy's recreation room, with all the records and room to dance. I like to go to Jim's, too, and help him with his stamp collection. Besides, their parents aren't always gumshoeing around.*

Or:

"Mother, you wouldn't [come to school, go to the movie with us girls, talk about me when my teacher comes here]!"

*I love my mother, but, jeeps, the kids think it's mighty funny that she's always tagging after me. Why can't she leave me alone once in a while?*

Much of your teen-ager's unspoken mixed-upness comes through when you make a real effort to tune in on his channel and to read between the hotly uttered lines.

**He's growing, so . . .**

Decisions handed down by you, his parents, no longer suit him at all. He feels safer, stronger, better at making up his own mind about things. He's struggling for elbow room to make decisions, to develop responsibility and his own inner controls.

**He's growing, so . . .**

He feels the pull ever present in the adolescent's life—the pull between wanting desperately to be grown up and at the same time wanting to be sure his parents are there when he needs them.

**He's growing, so . . .**

He turns to friends his own age, rather than to parents, with his problems and concerns. There's comfort in being with others like yourself when you're living in a world halfway between childhood and adulthood, and you aren't sure just where you fit in. There's comfort even in looking like everybody else, sporting the same crazy clothing gimmicks, keeping up with the latest teen-age fad. Girls wear three ties on one blouse. Boys turn up their shirt collars and unbutton their shirts three buttons down. The going-together couples walk along the street "handcuffed" by paper clips attached to their watch bands; carve each other's initials in the soles of their shoes; use locks of each other's hair as bookmarks. Conformity, even to these odd standards, can be a form of self-assurance in a world where things in general are confusing.

**He's growing, so . . .**

He's "unfolding" physically and sexually as well as mentally, socially, and emotionally. One poignant

teen-age heartache stems from the fact that the girl's growth timetable is geared to a faster rate than the boy's. She matures more rapidly, usually achieving her full height around sixteen, while boys may lag behind for a year or two. Thus at the very time boys and girls are beginning to get deeply interested in the opposite sex, they may be held back by these embarrassing differences in height and weight. Watch eighth- and ninth-graders at a party. A young lady of thirteen or fourteen looks and feels foolish escorted by a chubby little boy her own age. Because of nature's way of setting up these timetables, your too tall or too short, too puny or too fat teen-ager may for a time feel pretty sure that life is no longer worth living.

**He's growing, so . . .**

At times he needs some restrictions that will protect him and make it easier for him to say no to his crowd. He needs acceptance-as-he-is—and some wholesome letting-alone to give him space and time to flex his own capabilities. He needs to be on his own enough to experience making his own decisions and mistakes. But he also needs guidance enough so that the mistakes he makes are not the kind to hurt others or himself.

**He's growing, so . . .**

He has to give many things an immediate whirl—clubs, sports, social life. Adolescence is a kind of roller coaster on which he can get a bit giddy before settling down into ripe old age at twenty-five or twenty-six, say. Sometimes parents wish their frantically busy offspring would decide on two or three serious school interests and home hobbies instead of dabbling in so many. But this is a testing time—a time to try any number of interesting possibilities on for size.

**He's growing, so . . .**

He needs to help blueprint some of the rules that will govern his actions. He wants terribly to become poised and adult and responsible—a goal that will become more real for him more quickly if adults include him in the family's planning and listen with respect to his ideas.

**He's growing, so . . .**

He needs "white space" in each day, a private castle to which he can retreat from the cluttered pressures of living. He has many questions to ask himself: What am I *really* like? What do others expect of me? What are they trying to do to me? How much must I battle, or can I trust them?

**He's growing, so . . .**

You, his parents, cannot afford to stand still.

# N.P.T.

## quiz program



*A family  
counseling service*

### Consultants

Nancy Bayley  
Muriel W. Brown  
Flanders Dunbar, M.D.

Reuben Hill  
Edmond R. Hess, M.D.  
William C. Menninger, M.D.

Esther E. Prevey  
Ralph H. Ojemann  
Lyle M. Spencer

• I've been told recently that some pediatricians are not eager to have infants go through the crawling stage. In fact, they claim that children who do not crawl actually stand up sooner and walk sooner than those who do crawl. This seems contrary to what I've been led to believe about the stages a child goes through. My own six-month-old baby maneuvers himself quite well by turning around in the play pen, but he doesn't seem inclined to crawl. How do you feel about this? (Incidentally, how do you feel about play pens? My baby has been in his for almost three months.)

All infants pass through progressive stages in their development, and there is considerable latitude in the range of normalcy. Obviously some babies are a little more rapid than the average in their development; others are a little slower. The average baby begins to creep and crawl between eight and ten months and to walk by himself between twelve and fifteen months. However, I have known some infants who crept as early as six months or as late as twelve months. Similarly I have known several who walked as early as nine months and a number who were seventeen months before they started on their own.

I hasten to add that these were all normal babies. There are many factors responsible for the variations—heredity, environmental conditions, anticipation of needs, illnesses, nutrition, and so on.

I myself have not heard any pediatricians express the opinion that infants should not go through the crawling stage, nor have I read any statements to that effect. It is true that some infants do not crawl very much and seem to progress rapidly from creeping to standing and walking, but I do not believe that this is necessarily desirable or undesirable. In fact it makes very little difference.



© Myrton S. Reed from Black Star

Your own six-month-old baby seems to be progressing at a normal pace. At his age his maneuvers are as expected. If he were actually crawling he would be far in advance of his age group. The fact that he is in or out of the play pen is not important.

The play pen is no barrier to his efforts. In some respects it is a very good thing. I am sure he does not feel that he is in jail, even though there are slats to keep him penned in, as long as he has enough toys around him to keep him interested. I believe that you were particularly wise in starting him in the play pen so early. He will probably be content to stay in it a good deal longer. —EDMOND R. HESS, M.D.

*Pediatrician  
Chicago, Illinois*



• *My husband, who is a lawyer, is constantly urging our son to become a lawyer too. Since the boy, now a senior in high school, has no strong preference for any other profession, he says he'll go along with his father. I myself think that the legal profession is already too crowded and that he ought to train for something less crowded as well as more challenging. I'd like to be able to bolster my counsel with facts. Can you tell me in which profession there is now the greatest demand for young people? I should add that my son is a good student with varied interests.*

It is a fact that there is a certain amount of overcrowding in the legal profession. But whether this should bolster your counsel to your son is open to question. No person should base his occupational choice solely on the factor of supply and demand in any given profession. While it should certainly be weighed, along with other factors, the most important consideration is your son's interest in, and aptitude for, a specific job or career.

Your letter does not indicate that your son has a strong interest in the legal profession, since you merely say he has no preference for any other field. In this case it would seem that some tests might be helpful in determining just where his interests and abilities lie. You say that he is a good student, but you do not say in which subjects he excels. An analysis of the areas in the curriculum where he is particularly outstanding would be another indication of his abilities. A consideration of the out-of-school activities and hobbies in which he is especially skilled might also be helpful.

Through interest inventories, achievement tests, and aptitude tests, as well as a study of his school records and other data, teachers and counselors can help your son to evaluate his interests and abilities. If the testing program shows that he has an aptitude for the legal profession, or any other in which there is some overcrowding, he should not be deterred from entering that field for this reason alone. When a person is motivated by a strong enough interest and possesses the necessary ability, he may still want to enter the competition—but he should be fully aware of it.

Regarding the legal profession in particular, today's statistics show that the supply slightly exceeds the demand, and present forecasts predict that this trend will continue. Here are some of the facts you ask for:

There are 202,000 persons engaged in the legal profession. Figures on 1953-57 law school enrollments indicate that 50,000 students will graduate in this period. This means that there will be more than enough to meet the probable demand for legal work. However, there are enough opportunities for law school graduates in business and industry to absorb the excess. At present about 25 per cent of

all law school graduates do not become active lawyers but find employment in other lines of work where their training is of value. Of the 202,000 lawyers, it is interesting to note that 93 per cent are engaged in private practice and about 13 per cent hold public office of some kind. Some overlapping is evident here because lawyers who hold public office may also be employed in private practice.

You ask about professions in which the demand for new personnel is greater than the supply. Following are some statistics which compare the trends in occupational opportunities in law to several specialized fields in which there is a shortage.

Field	Number Employed at Present	Yearly Demand	Adequacy of Prospective Graduates, 1953-57, To Meet Demand
Law .....	202,000	Moderate	Sufficient
Teaching .....	1,141,000	160,000	Insufficient by 60,000
Natural Sciences .....	237,000	High	Insufficient both at A.B. and Ph.D. levels
Engineering ....	633,000	30,000	Insufficient
Medicine .....	185,000	More needed	Insufficient
Dentistry .....	84,000	More needed	Insufficient
Psychology .....	22,000	Increasing	Insufficient at Ph.D. level; adequate at lower levels
Social Sciences....	47,000	Increasing	Moderate shortage at Ph.D. level; adequate at lower levels

When we examine any forecast of supply and demand it is well to keep in mind that the projections merely indicate trends. Occupational trends are based on the assumption that present economic and military conditions will continue without any great change and that employment will remain high.

You will note from the estimates that the most critical shortage exists in the teaching profession and that engineers and scientists are also in great demand. However, I would again emphasize that an occupational choice should not be based solely on how many opportunities there are in a field. The young person who enters upon a career for which he has no aptitude may have little chance of success despite plentiful openings.

As you know, all the professions require certain qualifications, scholastic ability, and preparation. Since your husband is a lawyer, your son must be aware of the study and hard work that will be necessary before he can practice law. The American Bar Association and the Association of American Law Schools require at least two years or more of college work before the high school graduate may enter law school, and four years of college are highly recommended. In addition, the student must get high

grades to be accepted by an accredited law school. There he must put in three more years of intensive effort in order to win his degree of bachelor of law. Even then his hard work is not done. He must pass the rigid bar examinations before he can obtain his license to practice law.

Nor is mere legal knowledge enough for success. The lawyer must have excellent reasoning power and must possess the ability to analyze a situation and organize his materials. He should enjoy working with others in trying to solve their problems and he must be trustworthy, ambitious, and interested in each of his cases.

A person with these qualifications will be a successful lawyer, and there is always a need for more good lawyers, as there is for superior people in all the professions.

If your son takes these factors into consideration when he makes his occupational choice, he will be of service in whatever field he enters and will find success and satisfaction in his work.—LYLE M. SPENCER  
President

*Science Research Associates*

• *I have a daughter eleven years old, who (unlike her mother and father) is very shy and prefers being alone to playing with other children. Although we don't have much money to spare, my husband and I would like to send her to camp this summer. Our hope is that she will become more at ease with others and also more interested in outdoor sports. When I talked to my daughter about the possibility of her going to camp she was anything but enthusiastic. She said pleadingly, "I don't get in anybody's way. Why do you want to get rid of me?" Do you think we should go through with our plan?*

Most parents want their children to be sociable because sociability is necessary to our way of living. Also it seems to be essential to our happiness, since we cannot live separate and apart from others. It is no wonder, therefore, that you are a bit worried about your daughter.

Camp is a social experience and one that has many advantages. At a camp, youngsters are independent of their fathers and mothers and, living with many other children, can form a wide variety of friendships of different degrees of intensity. Moreover, the health benefits of a summer camp are numerous, as are the activities, excursions, and group projects. All boys and girls should have camping experience at some time in their young lives. However, I have some doubts about whether your daughter is ready for it at this time.

Let's think about it from her standpoint. She is not at ease with other people and doesn't seem to enjoy them. You imply that she is not especially fond of outdoor sports. She thinks that if you send her



© Corew from Monkmeyer Press Photo Service

away, you will be wanting to get rid of her. The question, then, is this: Will it make her more sociable, more interested in sports, and more friendly toward her parents if she is suddenly catapulted against her wishes into a camp where there are many children, where most of her activities may be outdoor sports, and where she is away from home? One wonders!

Keeping her at home this summer, however, won't solve the problem either. You need to start working on it from your end. Social contacts in small doses, so she won't feel overwhelmed, could be encouraged. Maybe there are one or two girls in the neighborhood with whom your daughter could become good friends. They might come to the house one at a time and have fun "just playing" without being overshadowed by adults. Having a friend in for a meal often helps a child to develop a feeling of ease with others. Perhaps too when you and your daughter go out somewhere, another child could come along.

TRY TO stimulate your youngster's interests and capitalize on them in social ways—but in small groups. Get as much information as you can from the teacher about her likes and dislikes in school, her growth and progress, and how you and the teacher can work together for the child's benefit.

Later on, maybe, one of her friends can persuade her (with your encouragement) to join a character-building group. Here she can work and play with others on an organized basis. Camp Fire Girls, Girl Scouts, and other youth clubs are most helpful in promoting social development. Perhaps several members of the group will be going to camp next summer and will talk about it during the winter. Then your daughter might even ask to go to camp—but with her friends rather than with strangers.

If you and your husband are very sociable your-

selves, it might be wise to do a little self-examination to determine whether you are providing enough social experiences for your daughter. For instance, you might ask yourselves these questions: Are most of the people we entertain in our home adults? What do we expect of our daughter in these situations? How do we and our guests treat her? Does she seem overwhelmed? Is she expected to sit and listen to grown-up conversation? When there are children around, how much managing of their affairs do we do?

Finally, there is another searching question about which you should strive to secure some insight: Why does she feel that we are trying to "get rid of her" when we suggest camp?

Do you belong to a parent education group? Frequently the members of these groups help each other by discussing their common problems. Also have you spent any time reading and learning about parent-child relationships? There is much valuable material on this subject, written by people with an extensive knowledge of children. Consult the study courses and book reviews in your *National Parent-Teacher*, and ask your librarian for further suggestions.

If after several months your daughter still seems to make no real progress socially, you might consider seeking outside help. In many communities there are people who are especially trained to help children grow as they should. If your community has a child guidance clinic or a family service association, you probably could find ready assistance there.

—ESTHER PREVEY

Department of Family Life Education  
Kansas City, Missouri, Public Schools

• *How can you make an overweight boy of twelve diet when he is always hungry? It isn't a question of appealing to his vanity because he's a good-looking boy despite his bulk. Moreover, he himself points out that Daddy and Daddy's brothers are all big men, over six feet tall, and that he too will probably be a six-footer. Is he right, and if so shall I continue nagging him about sweets and starches?*

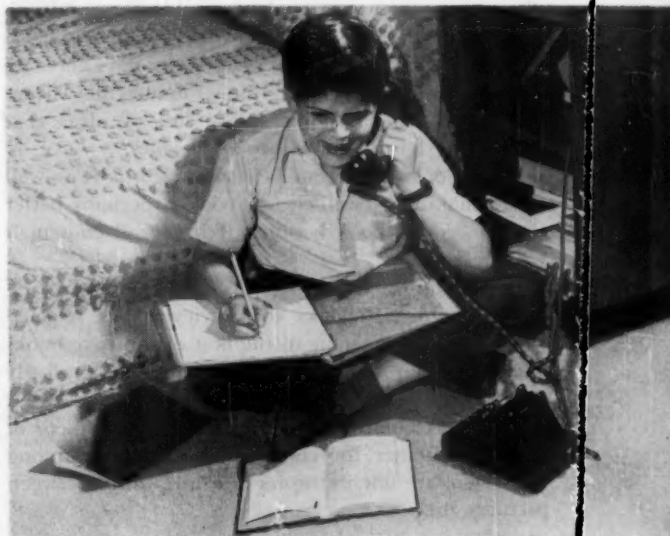
The problem of being overweight at twelve is a frequent one. It comes just before the spurt of adolescent growth. At this time there is often some imbalance between the end of the period of childhood growth and the beginning of rapid maturing, with accompanying changes in body form that result in the adult masculine or feminine build. Many twelve-year-old boys and girls put on a good deal of weight. Then when they start to grow tall they slim down again to their more customary proportions.

And so unless your son is very much overweight there is no need for great concern. Of course, you should take care that it doesn't get out of control and continue into later adolescence. If it is more

than a temporary plumpness, you and your boy should go to the doctor for advice on this problem.

There is another condition of growth that may make a boy or girl seem to be overweight at twelve. Some children mature early, starting their adolescent growth sooner than most. The early-maturing boys, in particular, are often naturally heavy-set and broadly built. They put on weight more rapidly than the average child and thus are frequently well above the norms for their age. When, in addition to this, they make an early start in the normal growth process of becoming heavy for their height, there is a period when they just don't fit the age norms for average children.

As for dieting, it is of course better if a child who is putting on an excess of fat can cut down on the sweets and starches. But nagging won't help. I suggest that you give your twelve-year-old the responsibility for watching his own diet. Let him get his in-



© Virginia F. Stern from Black Star

structions from the doctor and then report back to the doctor about any difficulties he may have in keeping to his diet. If you yourself try to make him change his eating habits, you are likely to provoke a clash of wills, with various emotional overtones. But a child will often quite readily accept the advice of the expert who, without emotion, gives him scientific reasons and points out the consequences of a wrong diet. This is far easier for him than to submit to the demands of a mother who won't let him eat as much as he wants. To a sensitive child she may seem to be denying him more than just a little food.

—NANCY BAYLEY

National Institute Mental Health  
Department of Health, Education, and Welfare





© Bloom from Monkmeyer

A VISIT to the bookstore or to the public library will disclose scores of new books available for children's summer reading—books for every age, every background, every taste, every reading level. There are story books to beguile the child's summertime leisure hours, and informational books full of ideas that will change leisure hours into active ones.

The choice may seem bewildering, but it is well worth making. A well-chosen book is perhaps better than a "good" book because, if it is well chosen, it will be read.

In making the following selection from the spring list of children's books this reviewer has selected what he considers some of the best of the 1955 books—books which are not routine, not mechanically turned out, books which strive for the qualities that make for excellence and permanence in any piece of writing, whether for child or adult. Many among them, too, are fine examples of a nice unity between pictures and text.

## PICTURE BOOKS FOR THE VERY YOUNGEST

**BABY'S FIRST BOOK** by Garth Williams. Simon and Schuster. \$1.00.

One of the best illustrators of books for primary and middle-grade readers turns his attention to a younger audience. Twenty-odd pictures of the first objects a baby learns to recognize.

**WHAT DO THEY SAY?** by Grace Skaar. Scott. \$1.00.

A mystery story for the very young, beautifully illustrated by the author. Under the picture of a kitten we read "Meow" is what the kitty can say. But the kitty can't say 'Bow-wow.' What says 'Bow-wow'?" The next page solves this mystery and proposes a new one. Ages 2-3.

COME FOR A WALK WITH ME by Mary Chalmers. Harper.  
\$1.75.

Susan and her good friend, Will Rabbit, take a mildly eventful walk on a fair summer's day. A very little

## Children's Choice:

An artist, teacher, and writer for children ("True Book of African Animals") examines this year's books for boys and girls from two to the teens. Here's help for parents and youngsters alike in sifting out the best of the current crop.

book, which is sure to charm the very littlest listeners. The author's pictures actually deserve the use of that much abused adjective "delightful"—especially the scene where the forest creatures fall all over themselves laughing at Tommy Cat's attempt to growl a scary "G R I F F I N O W W W W L." Ages 2-5.

SPRINGTIME FOR JEANNE-MARIE by Françoise. Scribner's.  
\$2.50.

Little French girl Jeanne-Marie, accompanied by her sheep Patapon, methodically searches for, and finds, her lost duck, Madelon. A rather trite tale, but it will capture the interest of three- to six-year-olds, who will greatly enjoy the author's gay pictures.

**BIG TALK** by Miriam Schlein. Scott. \$2.25.

"How high can you jump?" asks the mother kangaroo. "As high as the sun," boasts her offspring. Illustrator Harvey Weiss humorously pictures the little kangaroo's "big talk." But author Miriam Schlein, after sifting fact from fancy, still has a kind-and-wise-word to say for the little kangaroo's boasting. Ages 5-7.

**I PLAY AT THE BEACH** by Dorothy Koch. Holiday. \$2.50.

Bright, sunny pictures by Feodor Rojankovsky illustrate a bright, sunny story about a little girl's day at the beach. Ages 3-6.

### FOR CHILDREN A BIT OLDER

A LITTLE HOUSE OF YOUR OWN by Beatrice de Regniers.  
Harcourt, Brace. \$1.75.

So you "want to be alone." Where to set up housekeeping? In that cave behind the bushes? Beneath the dining-room table? In a cozy empty carton? The book tells of dozens of likely spots. It suggests an etiquette of secret-house-dwelling too. Illustrated in intriguing but unlabored detail by Irene Haas. Ages 3-6.

FROG WENT A-COURTIN' retold by John Langstaff. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.

Since the old story-songs have ceased to come down by word of mouth, John Langstaff here insures the retelling of a favorite ballad that came over with the first immigrants from Scotland. The bugs and beasts among the wedding guests are colorfully pictured by Feodor Rojankovsky. Ages 4-8.

**THE DUCHESS BAKES A CAKE** by Virginia Kahl. Scribner's.  
\$2.00.

It's a "lovely light luscious delectable cake." The cake



# New Books for Summer



## Reading



### John Wallace Purcell

rises. The Duchess rises with it—to the consternation of her thirteen daughters. How to get her down? The youngest daughter solves this problem nicely. Good, humorous pictures by the author. Ages 5-8.

PYSEN by Edith Unnerstad. Macmillan. \$2.50.

Perfect for reading aloud. Your own amusement at five-year-old Pysen's intrepid adventurings in his own little private world will certainly communicate itself to your young listeners. Translated from the Swedish by Inger Boye. The illustrations are by Louis Slobodkin. Ages 6-10.

THE BEECH TREE by Pearl S. Buck. John Day. \$2.50.

For the right readers this poignant little story will furnish a welcome answer to perplexing questions that are not likely to be put into words. It deals with the situation where an elderly grandparent lives with the young child's family. Young readers will enjoy Pearl Buck's tight, lucid writing about Mary Lou and her aged grandfather—especially those who live in such a household. Ages 7-10.

#### STORIES FOR FOURTH- TO NINTH-GRADERS

THE FUNNY GUY by Grace Allen Hogarth. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.95.

A sensitive portrayal of an extremely lonely twelve-year-old girl. Helen, ignored by her schoolmates and nicknamed "Funny Guy," piles blunder on top of blunder. Although the pace of the story—like the setting, the early 1900's—is old-fashioned, it has the rare, old-fashioned virtue of being completely believable. By no means "escape" reading, the honest realism of *The Funny Guy* is far removed from the superficiality of much of the fare available to girls from nine to twelve.

JUNKET by Anne H. White. Illustrated by Robert McCloskey. Viking. \$2.75.

Junket, a large and busy Airedale, takes very seriously his job of keeping everything going on the farm "just so." But he likes his little holiday, too. He returns from one of these junkets to find the animals gone and the farm occupied by deplorable city folk, the McDonegals. Oh, well, just another job! We learn how Junket wins over Mr. McDonegal, an avid animal-avoider, and returns the farm to its original state, to the delight of the McDonegal children—and the reader. Robert McCloskey, one of that small but distinguished group of artists who make pictures that illustrate rather than simply accompany the artists'

texts, doubles the impact of Anne White's amusing story with his priceless drawings. Ages 8-12.

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE by Helen Rand Parish. Viking. \$3.00.

A simply told tale of the miracle that brought about the building of Mexico City's church of Our Lady of Guadalupe: the legend of peasant Juan Diego's meeting with the Virgin on Mount Tepeyac in 1531. The pictures by Jean Charlot, though better suited to murals than to book illustration, echo the sincerity of the text. Ages 10 and up.

MARTIN AND HIS FRIEND FROM OUTER SPACE by Ive Duka and Helena Kolda. Harper. \$2.00.

The current crop of science fiction is dreary indeed—not because the space exploits are at all incredible but because the space heroes themselves never come to life. So it is cheering to pick up this story of Martin and hear Aknele-Alpha interrupt a Tele-Space conversation to tell him, "I have to leave you now, Martin. I promised to steam some clams for my grandfather." Populated with believable characters, this brief space novel does much to redeem the low estate into which a good deal of science fiction has fallen. Ages 8-12.

BEST FRIENDS by Mary Bard. Lippincott. \$2.50.

Outstanding in the spring list of books is this humorous and perceptive story about the foibles of sixth-graders. Suzie Green and her new neighbor from France, Co Co, play havoc with the existing social order in their classroom. By the story's end they have also played havoc, of a happy-ending sort, with their own households. Anyone in contact with eleven-year-olds—and this includes the eleven-year-olds themselves—will appreciate Mary Bard's keen insight and wit. Ages 8-12.

A LION IN THE WOODS by Maurice Dolbier. Little, Brown. \$2.75.

Timothy Hoppitt, rabbit and reporter for the *Daily Blade*, taps out an imaginary story about a ferocious lion at large in Forest Park. It gets into print! Author Dolbier, who subtitles his book *A Fable for Today*, goes on to poke hilarious fun at newspapers and their gullible readers, who here are woodchucks, squirrels, skunks, and so forth. The book is listed for ages nine and up. This reader, who is "up," found it highly amusing. He hopes that its wit will appeal to nine-year-olds, but certainly junior high school readers will appreciate the sly digs at news writing in general and pomposity in particular.

## BOOKS ABOUT NATURE

WHAT'S INSIDE? by May Garelick. Scott. \$2.00.

Remarkable close-up photographs by Rena Jakobsen hold us in page-by-page suspense as we see: a smooth white egg . . . a tiny crack . . . a pushing beak . . . a glimpse of feathers . . . a foot emerging. What is going to come out? Sustained by the suspense is a simple, informative story of a life cycle. Ages 4-7.

DINOSAURS by Marie Halun Bloch. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

There are almost as many books on dinosaurs as there were kinds of dinosaurs during their 140 million years of existence. An unusual quality of this book is the author's success in giving the whole sweep of the age in which they lived, from the first emerging of plant and animal life out of the seas to the coming of mammals. Illustrated by George F. Mason of the American Museum of Natural History. Ages 7-12.

FIRST CAMPING TRIP by Carroll B. Colby. Coward-McCann. \$2.00.

With a minimum of words and with the help of the author's clear, simple drawings, the beginning camper is given basic facts about such woodcraft as picking a camp site, things not to camp near, tents and ways to pitch them, building the camp fire, and camping safety. A good handbook for boys eight and up.

IN PONDS AND STREAMS by Margaret Waring Buck. Abingdon. \$3.00.

Descriptions and pictures of flowers, ferns and rushes, insects, fishes, snails, snakes, toads and frogs, turtles, birds, and the small mammals that you can expect to find in wet places. The descriptions are simple, clear, and brief. The author's pictures are accurate, lively, and well arranged. And—there is a good index. Ages 8-14.

AMIKUK by Rutherford G. Montgomery. World. \$2.75.

Amikuk is a young sea otter. This is the story of his life from babyhood to the time when, a little over a year old, he takes a mate. He is aided in his fierce struggle for survival by Peter, an Aleutian boy. Ages 10-13.

ARCTIC HUNTER by Bud Helmericks. Little, Brown. \$3.00.

For cool summer reading is this tale of two youths, American Bob and Eskimo Oolak, hunting seal on the polar pack. Their adventures serve as a vehicle for cold, icy facts about this newly important area, set down in absorbing detail from the author's firsthand knowledge. Informative drawings by Henry Kane. Ages 11 and up.

## HISTORY

THE PUEBLO INDIANS by Sonia Blecker. Morrow. \$2.00.

Through the eyes of Young Hawk we follow the daily lives of his people until the Spanish conquest of the Southwest in 1598. An interesting and thorough introduction to customs that still persist in the Rio Grande pueblos. Patricia Boodell's deceptively unpretentious illustrations tie in beautifully with both text and type. Ages 8-12.

THE LIFE OF SAINT PATRICK by Quentin Reynolds. Random House. \$1.50.

It is a rare pleasure to encounter a fictional biography for children in which believable individuals, instead of paper-thin historical puppets, march through the pages. We meet Patrick, age fifteen, standing on a cliff top in

Britain. He sees the Irish raiders beaching their boats. Does he succeed in racing heroically to his village and saving his people? No. He falls down the cliff and is taken captive. But his heroic stature is made very real before the book ends. Ages 9-12.

HENRY HUDSON by Ronald Syme. Morrow. \$2.50.

The story of the man who, though he failed to find a short cut to the Far East, courageously braved Arctic perils to chart an unexplored region of ice and mystery. Mr. Syme here proves that exciting pace can be achieved in biography without the aid of lurid, fictionalized embellishments. Forcefully illustrated by William Stobbs. Ages 10-14.

THE KING'S SNARE by Helen Lobdell. Houghton, Mifflin. \$2.75.

Sir Walter Raleigh was one of England's most colorful and many-sided personages. We learn much about him—and seventeenth-century London—through the eyes of fifteen-year-old Francis, who enters Raleigh's service as secretary and page boy during Sir Walter's imprisonment and accompanies him on his ill-fated Orinoco expedition. Fast-moving fiction and sound history combined. Ages 12-14.

ICE TO INDIA by Keith Robertson. Viking. \$2.50.

This book gives an interesting picture of shipping activities on the Philadelphia waterfront in 1816 and of life aboard a vessel bound for India with a cargo of ice. Ages 12-16.

## SCIENCE

FIRST BOOK OF ROADS by Jean Bothwell. Watts. \$1.95.

An eminent writer of children's fiction takes time off to trace the history of roads and road building from ancient Roman days to modern express highways. Well organized and simply written. Ages 9-12.

FUN WITH YOUR CAMERA by Mae and Ira Freeman. Random House. \$1.50.

A book for those just beginning to use a camera. Illustrated with photographs or diagrams on every page, a simple text explains such basic things as these: What is a camera? What does a lens do? What does "focus" mean? Good and bad ways of posing subjects and framing scenes are pictured. Ages 9-14.

FAMOUS INVENTORS AND THEIR INVENTIONS by Fletcher Pratt. Random House. \$2.75.

A lively account of some fifty of the greatest inventions of all time, from gunpowder and the jib sail to frozen foods and the audion tube. Ages 10-14.

WINGS IN YOUR FUTURE by Leo Schneider and Maurice U. Ames. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.75.

A good book to give boys a basic understanding of the miracles of flight, those already achieved and those sure to come. Clearly written and illustrated with drawings and diagrams. Its unique contribution: suggestions for simple experiments to test the principles of flight. Ages 10-14.

THE FIRST BOOK OF TELEVISION by Edward Stoddard. Watts. \$1.95.

Tells how television cameras work, how the picture is changed into electric currents, how the currents travel from studio to living room, and how your receiver makes them into a picture again. A clear text, readable by eleven-year-olds, and a good first book on the subject for adults. Sketchy diagrams by Laszlo Roth.

Colonel Fred R. Dowsett, a fellow officer of Major Nicholson, and Mrs. Dowsett confer with Elva Hintz, their child's teacher at John H. Russell Elementary School in Quantico, Virginia.

Major Dennis D. Nicholson, Jr.

## *Going to a*



© Official Marine Corps Photograph

# Teacher-Parent Conference?

**A father, veteran of several teacher-parent talks, passes on what they taught him and the difference they made in his son's schoolwork.**

IF YOU haven't been to a teacher-parent conference, the chances are you soon will. Regular conferences between teachers and parents are fast becoming part of the American school scene.

You may be looking forward to your first such conference with foreboding. If so, relax. They're pleasant, easy to take, and helpful. Their results are not often indirect or intangible; the effect on your child is frequently immediate and positive.

I recently had a rewarding experience from just one conference with my eight-year-old son's teacher. Our school requires a quarterly teacher-parent conference for each pupil. When the end of the first quarter of the school year rolled around, my wife was ill. It fell to me to attend conferences with the teachers of our three school-age children, each in a separate elementary grade.

This adventure in parenthood was brand new for me, and frankly I wasn't too calm about it. But the first two conferences eased my mind. Our Judy in-

spired nothing but praise from her sixth-grade teacher. David, youngest student in the family, was doing all right in his first year at school.

It's a good thing I gained peace of mind from these initial conferences because the third one was not all sweetness and light. I got a shock. The teacher broke it to me gently that my namesake, Dennis, was falling 'way behind in his third-grade work. Still worse, he was lagging near the bottom of his class in behavior.

I could hardly believe my ears. Dennis had done well scholastically in the first and second grades. His teachers had complimented his behavior so highly that I'd even begun to think maybe he wasn't a normal boy.

Then I thought of possible causes. During the previous school year Dennis had changed schools twice. In the process he'd been double-promoted, so that he skipped more than half a year's schoolwork. I felt I should present these facts to the teacher.

## No Defense Needed

Just how should I defend my child? I didn't have to. The teacher did it for me. She was frank about his shortcomings, and I appreciated that. I was more grateful, though, when she showed me that her purpose in the conference was to solicit the assistance of my wife and me. All she wanted was for the three of us to help get that boy of ours back on the right track.

I was amazed at the spectacular results of this one conference. An hour afterward my wife and I held a conference of our own. We discussed the problem and considered the teacher's recommendations. Then we decided on a plan of action. We considered that Dennis had taken a long step toward being a real problem—that is, as far as schoolwork and behavior were concerned. Consequently we thought we'd better form our plan in successive steps. If one didn't work we'd try another, and so on. Our goal, of course, was simply to raise Dennis' scholastic and behavior standing to at least the class average. We had no burning ambitions for any of our offspring to appear prodigious.

The first step of our plan called for Dennis to go to bed half an hour earlier than his previous schedule required. This was not to be considered punishment. We wanted to make it seem more like a health measure. We would take the attitude that additional rest would make Dennis a more alert student. It would also calm his tendency toward "cutting up" in class. We knew, however, that this new regulation, which would put him in bed earlier than his younger brother, would be a serious blow to his prestige in the household. If that first step failed, we'd reduce Dennis' allowance. This would be a punishment and so labeled. If the second step didn't turn the trick, he would have to give up some of his television-watching privileges.

## A Confidential Meeting

We called young Dennis in for a three-sided conference without the knowledge of the other children. We laid it on the line. We told him frankly what his teacher had said. We tried to convince him that both his teacher and we knew he was capable of being a better student. We reminded him of his previous good record and let him know that we didn't expect him to be at the head of his class in everything but that we wanted him to be at least an average student. We stressed the importance of doing his best.

He listened attentively as we outlined the details of each step in our plan. That night, and each succeeding night, Dennis got ready for bed at eight o'clock, his new bedtime. We didn't even have to

remind him. Steps two and three, I'm glad to say, were never required.

A short time later I telephoned his teacher. She reported happily that Dennis had come from the bottom to a little better than average rating. And it's been the same story at each conference since. He has his old bedtime back now and has seemingly learned his lesson.

The situation was fairly simple. I'm sure it wasn't uncommon. The unusual thing about it was that it was so simply solved. Without a teacher-parent conference, though, it might very well have been a different story. Dennis might have become a regular "Dennis the Menace" and formed permanently bad study habits. As it is, he shows promise of becoming a permanently good student.

So much was accomplished so quickly through this one conference that I began to give these practices more thought. I wondered whether the teachers I encountered were unique or whether such smoothly run, problem-solving meetings between teachers and parents were commonplace. I put the question to the superintendent of the school. He helped me look behind the scenes.

The teacher-parent conference is a big part of a modern teacher's task, and his training has taken this into account. Some schools issue to parents an illustrated booklet, which describes the conduct of the conference and suggests how the parent can best cooperate.

## Keys to Conference Success

Teacher instruction in this field stresses technique. That's why I didn't need to defend Dennis to his teacher. Teachers are trained in psychology. They know how to gain the parent's confidence and then to persuade him to help in reorienting his child. I found out, too, that the teacher records each conference in a prescribed way and reports it on a special form. The resulting records enable the teacher to prepare and follow through a program with each parent.

My first encounter with teacher-parent conferences gave me a distinct feeling of satisfaction. It made me feel closer to the people who look after my children during that large part of their lives when they are in school. It convinced me that here is a natural, nearly painless way of getting the best from a school child. I hope you come away from your first conference as satisfied as I did. You will, too, if you just keep the chip off your shoulder, relax, and be ready and willing to cooperate.

---

*Major Dennis D. Nicholson, Jr., is an officer in the United States Marine Corps. Since preparing this article he has been transferred from Quantico, Virginia, to the Pacific area.*



# Summer Vacation...



A day at the beach.

Photographs by the author

## and No Time Wasted

Dorothy Boys Kilian

"THE THING that bothers me about long summer vacations is that the children seem to waste so much time," Mrs. Stimson lamented.

A group of us were chatting over coffee after a spring P.T.A. meeting, and the conversation had naturally turned to summer plans.

Another mother nodded understandingly. "The first few weeks they're happy with their new freedom. But then they grow bored and wander aimlessly around the house wailing, 'What'll I do now, Mom?' If you're not ready with some good suggestions, the rest of the summer is pretty much a waste. And, after all, three months is a long period just to mark time."

I couldn't get that conversation out of my mind. After talking it over with my husband, we decided we'd try to make the coming vacation a constructive one.

That called for planning. We started things off by holding a family council the week before school closed.

"Let's list some of the things we want to do this summer," I began.

"Go to the beach," called out four-year-old Jean, who had received a sand bucket and shovel for her birthday.

"Learn to play tennis," twelve-year-

old Paul said. "Several of the kids in my room already have rackets."

"Make a lot of things with my tool set," decided eight-year-old Chris, eyes alight.

"I have a couple of building projects in mind too," Dad chimed in. "One's a sandbox for Jean. The other's a ping-pong table for our back yard. Can I count on some help from the family?"

"Speaking of work," I added, "I'd like a little more help around the house. If we all pitch in on the daily jobs there'll be more time for playing games together and for expeditions."

After a free-for-all discussion the following work program was agreed upon and duly recorded:

- Each child will have certain daily tasks, such as making beds, cleaning porches and walks, burning trash, and setting tables. Within reasonable limits each can choose his own job.
- Work must be done, if possible, right after breakfast. Music practice comes in the morning too.
- Everyone promises to take part in occasional "work parties," such as helping prepare fruit for canning, cleaning out the garage, weeding the garden. (These parties will include refreshments!)

To encourage further the planning idea we gave each of the children a ten-cent notebook on the front of which I had printed *My Plans for This Summer*. Then everyone filled in ideas as they occurred to him. (Of course Jean had to have help with hers.)

### Projects in Prospect

Listening to the youngsters' talk and thumbing through their notebooks gave us an idea of what materials to have on hand for their various projects. My husband and I immediately began assembling an "activities" stockpile: scrap wood from the lumber yard, large cardboard boxes and tin cans for Chris' proposed inventions; a rag bag of colorful old clothes; poster paint and a home-made easel; cans and small cartons to be used in the new sandbox by Jean, our preschooler; second-hand lumber for the back-yard ping-pong table; and straw and wire for an archery target to keep Paul and his friends busy.

We soon found that all these articles appealed to the neighborhood gang as much as to our own youngsters.

"Oh, boy, she's finished!" Chris shouted as he and his dad bolted the last leg onto the ping-pong table.



The children spent many busy hours with hammer, saw, and paintbrush.

"Let's start playing right away." The heated games that evening developed into a family tournament which continued until September. Woe to anyone who started to sit on the table or scratch it up.

"We spent hours sanding and painting that top!" our youthful carpenters would protest.

They did, however, allow me to use it for a buffet table. I got into the habit of taking lunch out to them—stacks of sandwiches, fruit, and milk. Everyone would help himself from the table and then sit down somewhere in the yard to eat. It was such fun that we began to eat more and more meals outdoors. Sometimes the children took their plates up into the tree house, and even spinach went down effortlessly on a "space patrol ship"!

In spite of the fun at home the youngsters were soon bitten by the travel bug. They heard that the Smiths were driving east, the Ralstons were planning a camping trip, and the Williams were going to visit their uncle on a farm. Where were we going, they wanted to know.

#### Rovers by the Day

We weren't going to be able to get away for any length of time that year, so we substituted one-day expeditions. We agreed that we'd go somewhere together every Saturday. Different members of the family took turns suggesting plans for the outings.

Living within easy driving distance of a city, we were able to visit such places as the county historical museum, the planetarium, the art institute, and the large railroad yards.

One Monday evening Chris announced, "It's my turn to choose this week. Let's go to the zoo. Johnny says they have two new polar bears there and a pool for them to swim in."

"Any objections?" Dad asked the rest of the family. "I know we went last year, but with these new bears—"

"I'll take my camera and get some pictures," Paul decided.

"Will we see real tigers like in *Little Black Sambo*?" Jean asked with a delighted shudder.

"Why don't we take a picnic lunch to eat in that pretty little birch grove at the north end of the park?" I suggested as my contribution.

"Let's read some chapters from Kipling's *Jungle Book* for our bedtime stories this week," Dad said enthusiastically. "They'll get us in the mood for tigers and monkeys and such."

This trip, which was to consist only of a few hours at a not-too-famous zoo, we played up for all it was worth—and made a memorable occasion of it.

Exploring areas around our own town proved to be just as much fun. We visited a dairy farm, a canning factory, some orchards at picking time, and of course the beach.

No summer is complete without water experiences of some kind, but this season we made a real effort to teach our younger children to swim. (Paul had already learned.) My husband and I took turns luring them away from sand-play and paddling into deeper water. Chris became so interested that we enrolled him in a two weeks' swimming course at a local pool. And little Jean is practically holding her breath until next summer when she'll be five and eligible for a beginners' class.

Of course we couldn't be flitting here and there every day. Between times we took full advantage of community facilities for keeping the small fry occupied: vacation Bible school for the boys, the swimming lessons, an occasional good movie, and the weekly story hour at the library.

We always returned from the library staggering under a load of books from the young people's department. I began reading some of them aloud on the front porch on hot afternoons. Often two or three neighborhood children would drop in. Before we knew

it we had an informal reading club, and Tom Sawyer, Robin Hood, Cowboy Small, and the Dutch Twins helped enrich our summer.

And then there was camp—camp, which spells adventure and a special kind of growing up.

"Just thought I'd be sure to be ready," Paul announced that morning in July as he came to our bedroom door at six o'clock, fully clothed. "Remember, the bus leaves from the Y at eight-thirty."

He had grown up a little even before he reached camp. "I'll carry 'em, Dad," he insisted two hours later, staggering out to the car with a tennis racket tucked under one arm, a large suitcase in one hand, and a bulky bedroll in the other.

#### Summer Harvest

We all profited by those ten days. Paul, of course, was having the refreshing experience of being on his own for the first time, while we parents had a chance to get better acquainted with our younger children.

Perhaps the most important part of our summer planning was our desire to spend as much time as possible with our youngsters. No more of the listening-with-one-ear business, we told each other. This summer we'd see that they got our undivided attention. (We remembered Chris' winter complaint: "Honestly, Mom, you don't ever seem to have time to finish a game of checkers!" and Paul's wail: "Gee, Dad, you're always going out to a meeting after supper. When are we going to work on that new train setup?") We hope they enjoyed the closer companionship; we certainly did.

As we look back on it now, the summer's richness took us far beyond our original idea of keeping the children busy through the three months' vacation. Our reading-aloud club, our games, our playing and listening to music—even our sharing of household tasks—were fun for all five of us. But they were more than fun. These experiences drew us together in a very special way, a natural and easy and affectionate way.

Ours was a summer, one of many to come, that we shall long remember and cherish.

*Dorothy Boys Kilian lives in Pasadena, California, and describes her life as follows: "After spending my days planning vacations and such for our three lively youngsters, I devote a great deal of my 'leisure time' to writing stories and articles about them. So you might say I specialize in children." And she adds, "It's fun."*



### *Man's Book*

From east to west the wet world over  
Cows were waking up to clover.  
Great trees where the brook went by  
Were doubled in the nether sky.  
By a pool three polished geese  
Were each one twins in emerald peace.  
Houses facing the eastern skies  
Were all golden friendly eyes.  
From every chimney a line of life  
Went up that meant a wakened wife.  
In dark muck-land little pigs  
Bounced at each end like rotund jigs.  
No man was up yet, not a one,  
But his book was open in the sun.

—ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

*Note.* This poem was sent to us by Mr. Coffin shortly before his death last January.

### *Alliance*

Born of deep love of children,  
Fostered by knowing their needs,  
Tended in selfless devotion,  
Nurtured with wise words and deeds,  
Long an alliance has flourished,  
Parents with teachers, with friends,  
Seeking life's good for all children—  
They whose dear welfare portends  
How they will live with each other,  
What, as they grow, they will be,  
Surely as seed, soil, and weather  
Merge in the strength of a tree.

—KARLA V. PARKER

### *That One*

I want *that* house because one room  
Had walls marked up a bit,  
One closet had a small-size hook  
That others wouldn't fit.  
A pencil sharpener beside  
The laundry tub bespoke  
The touch of one who felt at home  
And built three shelves of oak.  
Someone also used red paint  
On the front door of that house,  
As if to say he loved it,  
His children and his spouse.  
But most of all I want it for  
What counts far more than talk:  
Two names above two small hand-prints  
Imbedded in the walk.

—MARY LUCRETIA BARKER

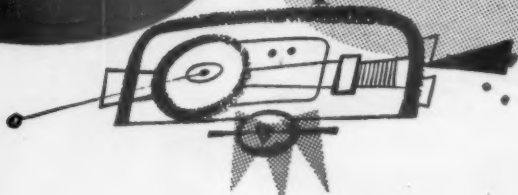
### *There Comes a Day*

Her first swain, smitten with pale butter curls,  
Stood at the gate, uneasy, beating shrill  
Staccatos with a stick along the bars,  
And called, "Ohhhhhh, Ellie!" as all youngsters will.  
But Ellen, very busy with her toys,  
Did not have time for grimy little boys.  
A later lad, more scrubbed, less diffident,  
Came rattling down the street and honked his horn,  
And hoped to lure this prize of junior high  
To lumpy seat covers, just slightly worn.  
But Ellen was too occupied with rote—  
French conjugations (mixed with dreams) to note.  
And now a fuzz-faced lover strides the walk  
And properly ping-pings the front-door bell  
With trim, clean nail . . . and surreptitiously  
Glances the door glass, smooths a wild lapel  
Or stubborn cowlick. Now, fair Ellen hums.  
Oh, lanky Lochinvar—this time she comes!

—PHILENE HAMMER

# Motion

# picture



# reviews

## PREVIEW EDITOR, ENTERTAINMENT FILMS

MRS. LOUIS L. BUCKLIN

### JUNIOR MATINEE

From 8 to 12 years

**Abbott and Costello Meet the Mummy**—Universal-International. Direction, Charles Lamont. Abbott and Costello are at the top of their form in an energetic piece of slapstick laid in mysterious Egypt. Stranded in Cairo, they hope to earn their way back to the United States by accompanying "Prince Klaris," a mummy recently discovered by a famous archaeologist. But the archaeologist is murdered, the mummy is stolen, and the chase is on. Our heroes have little time to admire their exotic surroundings, though the action lags a bit in the second half of the picture. Leading players: Bud Abbott, Lou Costello, Marie Windsor.

Family

Good, lively slapstick

12-15

Funny

8-12

Not for the  
restless or the  
overly sensitive



Tony Curtis and Dan O'Herlihy in *The Purple Mask*.

**The Purple Mask**—Universal-International. Direction, Bruce Humberstone. An amiable, unassuming swashbuckler in which Tony Curtis plays a dual role—that of pleasure-loving dandy and of a purple-masked Robin Hood. His miraculous rescues of noblemen condemned to death on the guillotine during Napoleon's "reign of terror" have made him the object of a nation-wide hunt by the officers of the enraged Little Corporal. The film is occasionally more juvenile than dashing in treatment, but despite crudities it is refreshingly wholesome, with a good cast, bright color, picturesque costumes and settings, and lively swordplay. Leading players: Tony Curtis, Colleen Miller, Dan O'Herlihy.

Family

Entertaining

12-15

Yes

8-12

Entertaining

### FAMILY

Suitable for children if accompanied by adults

**Strategic Air Command**—Paramount. Direction, Anthony Mann. The epic quality of the Strategic Air Command's great long-range bombers in flight is magnificently projected on Paramount's newly improved Vista Vision screen. Against the awe-inspiring majesty of such mechanized might, the human story plays a secondary, although needed, role. June Allyson and James Stewart, as husband and wife, embody all the virtues of warm, loyal, average human beings (as popularly conceived) who find it relatively easy to adjust to the stresses and sacrifices of military service. However, it is the mammoth power of the jet bombers, held in leash by such leaders dedicated to peace as General Curtis LeMay, that grips the viewer of this thrilling spectacle. Leading players: James Stewart, June Allyson.

Family

Thrilling

12-15

Thrilling

8-12

Thrilling

### ADULTS AND YOUNG PEOPLE

**Badeviled**—MGM. Direction, Mitchell Leisen. That old-fashioned melodramatic theme, the temptation of the flesh, adds a curious note to the usual slick whodunit. A deeply agitated cabaret singer, Anne Baxter, bursts into the cab of a handsome young American (Steve Forrest), who is sightseeing in Paris for a few hours before entering a seminary to train for the priesthood. She has been accused of murder, and the embryo priest plays hide-and-seek with the police in his efforts to protect her. Though he and the girl fall in love, he obtains refuge for her and himself within the Church. The song *Embrasse-moi Bien* adds nothing to the quality of the picture. Production values are competent. Leading players: Steve Forrest, Anne Baxter.

Adults

Matter of taste

15-18

Poor

12-15

No

**The Big Tip-off**—Allied Artists. Direction, Frank McDonald. A Grade B crime melodrama weaves its busy plot around a charity racketeer, the naïve newspaper columnist whom he exploits, and a clever and kindly nun. Acting is capable. Leading players: Richard Conte, Constance Smith, Bruce Bennett.

Adults

Mediocre

15-18

Mediocre

12-15

Mediocre

**A Bullet for Joey**—United Artists. Direction, Lewis Allen. Though not far out of the ordinary, this spy thriller has a fair amount of action and suspense. Set in Montreal, the story is the familiar one about the attempts of an unnamed foreign power to kidnap Canada's great atomic scientist. This foul deed is to be done by George Raft, a famous American gangster exiled in Lisbon. Mr. Raft wears his accustomed role like an old sock, but Edward G. Robinson looks like anything but an officer of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. Leading players: Edward G. Robinson, George Raft, Audrey Totter.

Adults

Fair

15-18

Fair

12-15

Poor

**Chicago Syndicate**—Columbia. Direction, Fred F. Sears. Acted with professional skill and directed with precision and polish, this glib but fast-moving crime melodrama is expertly turned out for action fans. Paul Stewart is suave and tough as the head of a nation-wide "syndicate" with headquarters in Chicago. After his partner is murdered for "spilling the beans" to a newspaper editor, a brilliant young accountant and government agent (Dennis O'Keefe) is ready to step into the dead man's job and find the gangster's secret financial records. Leading players: Dennis O'Keefe, Abby Lane, Paul Stewart.

Adults

Matter of taste

15-18

Poor

12-15

No



**From Renoir to Picasso**—Brandon Films. Direction, Paul Haesaerts. A noted Belgian art critic attempts to explain modern French painting in this well-designed and well-photographed art lesson. He focuses on three artists—Renoir, in whose pictures (and in those of his followers) all lines are curved; Seurat, whose lines are straight; and Picasso, who paints in whirlwind designs of lines and points. This film, as your editor saw it, was an entertaining short shown along with a feature-length film. It won the grand prize for films on painting at the Venice International Film Festival and also the prize in the "Visual Arts" category at the 1955 Golden Reel Festival.

Adults 15-18 12-15  
Interesting Young people interested in art

**Front Page Story**—Associated Artists. Direction, Gordon Perry. How a high-minded London newspaper editor faces the harrowing problems of his profession and his daily life is told in a well-meaning, well-acted, but poorly conceived and executed melodrama. Leading players: Jack Hawkins, Elizabeth Allan, Eva Bartok.

Adults 15-18 12-15  
Fair Mediocre Mediocre

**Green Magic**—I.F.E. Direction, Gian Gaspare Napolitano. An unusual, brilliantly photographed travelogue made by four Italian adventurers who take the first auto trip ever to be made across South America from Rio de Janeiro to Lima. In contrast to São Paulo, a fast-growing, ultramodern city, are the primitive fishermen of Bahia; the magnificent waterfalls (greater than Niagara) on the Iguaçu River, where the borders of Argentina, Brazil, and Paraguay meet; and the diamond hunters working like slaves in the heart of the Mato Grosso. In the lofty Andes on a lake 12,600 feet high we see Indians fishing as their forefathers did, in reed boats with slatted sails, and watch a curious Inca wedding ceremony. Commentary is a bit semi-philosophical. The group, headed by Count Leonardo Bonzi, may well represent a new breed of professional adventurers who will endure almost any danger and hardship to film nature as they see it.

Adults 15-18 12-15  
Excellent of its type Excellent of its type Tense in part

**The Impostor**—A Shochiku Film (released by Brandon Films). Direction, Tatsuo Osone. The stylized swordplay of a samurai as he defeats the villain plotting against the Japanese throne is as familiar to us as the adventures of good knights destroying evil or western heroes beating up bad men. Although the plot is obvious, the Japanese seventeenth-century period settings and costumes are handsome, and the acting is expert. Leading players: Utaemon Ichikawa, Chikako Miyagi.

Adults 15-18 12-15  
Interesting Yes Mature

**Jump into Hell**—Warner Brothers. Direction, David Butler. The heroic stand of the French against the Communists at Dien Bien Phu, Indochina, is the subject of this war film. The basic issues are oversimplified as the plot concentrates on the backgrounds and exploits of four volunteers parachuted into the siege area. Aimless, bloody battle scenes, stilted dialogue in supposedly French accents, and shallow characterization do not do justice to such a gallant episode of current history. Leading players: Jack Sernas, Kurt Kasznar, Arnold Moss.

Adults 15-18 12-15  
Disappointing Poor Poor

**Long John Silver**—ADCA. Direction, Byron Haskin. A contrived and effortful sequel to *Treasure Island* with the same director and the same Long John. However, Robert Newton tries too hard to give his role the verve and flavor it had in the earlier play, and the plot is largely an unimaginative repetition of the original. Leading players: Robert Newton, Connie Gilchrist, Kit Taylor.

Adults 15-18 12-15  
Mediocre Mediocre Mediocre

**Mambo**—Paramount. Direction, Robert Rossen. A murky mixture of Italian and American techniques results in a dull, pretentious melodrama laid in Venice. A lackadaisical Silvana Mangano postures through the role of a mixed-up mambo dancer. She is pursued by two men—a handsome young cad, who schemes to gain money through her marriage to a wealthy and frail aristocrat, and the aristocrat himself, who marries her and dies in her arms shortly afterward. She nobly spurns his fortune, however, and returns to the mambo. Leading players: Silvana Mangano, Vittorio Gassman, Michael Rennie, Shelley Winters.

Adults 15-18 12-15  
Trash No No

**The Man from Bitter Ridge**—Universal-International. Direction, Jack Arnold. Precisely tailored to the classic western pattern, this rehash of a familiar plot gives the clean-cut "stranger in town" the opportunity to be accused of stagecoach robbery,

turn investigator, and prove the guilt of the slick villain. Leading players: Lex Barker, Mara Corday, Stephen McNally.

Adults 15-18 12-15  
Routine western Western fans Western fans

**The Man from Laramie**—Columbia. Direction, Anthony Mann. A series of brutalities characterizes this film about an ex-army captain's search for a blackguard who sells repeating rifles to the Apaches. A partial list includes a lassoed man dragged through a fire, mules deliberately killed, a man shot point blank through the hand, an old man pushed off his horse down a cliff, and a man riddled with arrows. Leading players: James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy, Kathy O'Donnell.

Adults 15-18 12-15  
Matter of taste Poor No

**Prize of Gold**—Columbia. Direction, Mark Robson. A previously honest American Air Police sergeant (Richard Widmark) and his British counterpart attempt to steal a U.S. Army plane, which is transporting gold bars from occupied Berlin to London. The American wishes to supply his frauëin with money to send her and her bevy of orphan charges to a new home in Brazil. When he sees what a nightmare of violence his crime has produced, he gives himself up—to face what evidently will be a most indulgent court-martial. The melodrama has to its credit, besides excitement and suspense, some fine photography, interesting backgrounds, and good characterizations. Leading players: Richard Widmark, Mai Zetterling.

Adults 15-18 12-15  
Matter of taste Ethically dubious No

**The Prodigal**—MGM. Direction, Richard Thorpe. The Bible story of the Prodigal Son is pretty well smothered by Cinemascope, Eastman color, uninhibited set and costume designers, and the physical charms of Lana Turner in this tasteless, superspectacular production. Emphasis is less on son Edmund Purdom's relations with his father than on his debauched doings in Damascus. Only one of the many unpalatable spots of violence in the picture is the scene in which the high priestess of Astarte plunges into a pool of flaming oil. Leading players: Lana Turner, Edmund Purdom, Louis Calhern.

Adults 15-18 12-15  
Trash No No

**Robbers' Roost**—United Artists. Direction, Sidney Solkow. Two rival bands of outlaws pit their cunning and brutal strength against each other as they attempt to rustle a herd of cattle from their employer, who is confined to a wheel chair. Mayhem is partially controlled by hero George Montgomery, man of mystery, who joins one of the gangs in the hope of avenging the murder of his wife. A run-of-the-mill production. Leading players: George Montgomery, Richard Boone, Sylvia Fineley.

Adults 15-18 12-15  
Western fans Western fans Poor

**Shotgun**—Allied Artists. Direction, Lesley Selander. Operating in the mood of quiet tension so popular in westerns since *High Noon*, this picture quickly deteriorates into brutal blood-and-thunder melodrama. Leading players: Sterling Hayden, Yvonne de Carlo.

Adults 15-18 12-15  
Matter of taste Very poor No

**Terror in the Night**—Columbia. Direction, Andrew Stagne. A tautly directed nerve-wracker about a holdup victim at the mercy of a ruthless hitchhiker and his two confederates, who demand ransom of their prisoner's family. Physical violence is threatened but rarely carried out. Suspense builds up around the quiet efforts of a police force compelled to work against time. The restrained, high quality of production, the excellent black-and-white photography, realistic characterizations, and skillfully sustained suspense make for a better-than-average shocker. Leading players: Jack Kelly, Hildie Parks.

Adults 15-18 12-15  
Superior thriller Very tense No

**To Paris with Love**—J. Arthur Rank. Direction, Robert Hamer. Even gifted Alec Guinness can do little with a script as weak as this lightweight British farce. The setting is Paris in the spring. The plot revolves around the romantic adventures and mishaps of a Scottish baronet and his twenty-year-old son. Mr. Guinness seems somewhat subdued by his role as a parent, but the old wit and sparkle appear now and then, as when he becomes entangled in a badminton net while trying to impress the young girl with whom he has fallen in love. Leading players: Alec Guinness, Odile Versois, Vernon Gray.

Adults 15-18 12-15  
Disappointing Mature No

**This Island Earth**—Universal-International. Direction, Joseph Newman. A flamboyant flight into science fiction sends a nuclear scientist right out of the solar system, as a result of

his success in building a mysterious machine. A nightmarish trip through space, an attack by comets, an exploding planet, and an encounter with a monstrous insect-man make "this island Earth" a welcome sight on the return journey. Leading players: Jeff Morrow, Faith Domergue, Rex Reason.

<b>Adults</b>	15-18	12-15
Science-fiction fans	Science-fiction fans	Hardy science-fiction fans

**Top of the World**—United Artists. Direction, Louis R. Foster. A cheap, tawdry love story has been unfortunately superimposed upon valid and exciting documentary material—scenes of the hazardous, heroic work of the Weather Service of the United States Air Force in Alaska. There are some remarkable shots of an ingenious rescue on a cracking ice island. Leading players: Dale Robertson, Evelyn Keyes, Frank Lovejoy.

<b>Adults</b>	15-18	12-15
Matter of taste	Poor story; good background	Poor

**Violent Saturday**—20th Century-Fox. Direction, Richard Fleischer. When three bandits drop quietly into a small town, the Cinemascope camera takes its time examining the life of everybody who is to be involved in the projected bank robbery—the mine foreman and his family, the alcoholic rich man's son, his unfaithful wife, the bank manager, the town nurse, and a simple Amish family dedicated to nonviolence. These diverse threads are woven into an exciting, suspenseful melodrama. The film would have been in better taste, however, had it featured more cunning and less killing. Student reviewers found it choppy and confused. Leading players: Victor Mature, Steve McNally, Richard Egan.

<b>Adults</b>	15-18	12-15
Matter of taste	Too much emphasis on violence	No

## 16MM FILMS

**The American Flamingo**—Carlin Films. 14 minutes. Produced in cooperation with the National Audubon Society, this film takes us through the Yucatan jungle to the breeding grounds of the brilliant American flamingo, where we observe its life and habits. We are warned that unless care is taken, this colorful and distinctive species may become extinct. Award winner in the "Natural Resources" category at the 1955 Golden Reel Film Festival.

**And Now Miguel**—U.S. Information Agency. Director and producer, Joseph Krumbold. An appealingly sincere feature-length story of a shepherd's family in New Mexico, particularly of ten-year-old Miguel, who plots and prays that he may journey with the men folk of his family when they take the sheep to summer pasture. Details of sheepherding, warm family life, and religious and festival customs receive careful treatment. It was on this film that Mr. Krumbold based his charming children's book of the same title, which won last year's Newbery award. The film itself received first honors in the category "Human Relations" at the Golden Reel Film Festival.

**David**—British Information Services. 38 minutes. Previewed as a 35mm entertainment film several years ago in the *National Parent-Teacher*, this sensitive and appealing story of a Welsh miner has been released in 16mm. It won the Golden Reel Film Festival award in the "Cultural Values" category.

**Horizons of Hope**—Alfred P. Sloan Foundation. 18 minutes. A lucid and detailed documentary on cancer, showing the scientists and technicians at the Sloan-Kettering Institute. Animation is used to tell the story of the cancer cell, its appetites, and some of the ways in which scientists are working to destroy it. Winner of "Health and Hygiene" award, Golden Reel Film Festival.

**The Stranger**—Distributed by Office of Reports, Ford Foundation. 18 minutes. Sponsored by the government of India, this interesting, well-integrated documentary illustrates the efforts of an Indian government worker (trained under a study course financially underwritten by the Ford Foundation) to teach inland villagers simple, scientific ways to improve their standard of living. The people prove eager learners. Winner of first honors in the "Citizenship and Government" category at the 1955 Golden Reel Film Festival.

**The Wisconsin Cleft Palate Story**—University of Wisconsin. Sponsored by the Wisconsin Department of Public Instruction, Bureau for Handicapped Children. 36 minutes. The interesting story of how babies with cleft palates become the center of an organized program of medical, social, and speech habilitation that follows each child as he matures. This carefully documented film is designed for educators and groups such as the P.T.A. Awarded first honors in the "Educational" category, 1955 Golden Reel Film Festival.

## MOTION PICTURES PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

### Family

**Assignment Children**—Excellent.  
**The Big Day**—Children and young people, yes; adults, good fun.  
**Captain Lightfoot**—Good.  
**Chief Crazy Horse**—Good Western.  
**Cinemascope Holiday**—Entertaining.  
**Destination Mexico**—Amusing.  
**The Eternal Sea**—Children, good; young people and adults, excellent.  
**The Glass Slipper**—Delightful.  
**Hunters of the Deep**—Excellent.  
**Interrupted Melody**—Good.  
**The Long Gray Line**—Children, too long; young people and adults, good of its type.  
**Mo and Po Kettle at Waukegan**—Matter of taste.  
**A Man Called Peter**—Children, a bit long; young people, yes; adults, sympathetic biography.  
**The Queen's Birthday Parade**—Excellent.  
**Stranger on Horseback**—Children, yes; young people, fair; adults, western fans.  
**Tarzan's Hidden Jungle**—Fair.  
**Underwater**—Entertaining.  
**White Feather**—Good Western.

### Adults and Young People

**The Americans**—Children, mature; young people and adults, matter of taste.  
**Bad Day at Black Rock**—Children, no; young people, mature; adults, excellent thriller.  
**Battle Cry**—Children and young people, no; adults, matter of taste.  
**Battle Taxi**—Children, exciting; young people and adults, interesting.  
**The Battles of St. Trinian's**—Children, possibly; young people and adults, matter of taste.  
**Big House U.S.A.**—Children, no; young people, poor; adults, powerful shocker.  
**The Bridges of Toko-Ri**—Good.  
**Canyon Crossroads**—Poor.  
**Cell 2245, Death Row**—Children, no; young people, misleading; adults, poor.  
**Chance Meeting**—Children, no; young people, very mature; adults, thought provoking.  
**Conquest of Space**—Children, tense; young people and adults, science-fiction fans.  
**Country Girl**—Children, no; young people, mature; adults, excellent.  
**Creations with the Atom Bomb**—Children, no; young people, poor; adults, crude hair-raiser.  
**Cult of the Cobra**—Children, no; young people, trash; adults, pure hokum.  
**Day of Triumph**—Interesting.  
**Devil's Harbor**—Poor.  
**East of Eden**—Children and young people, no; adults, brilliantly directed but confused in development of theme.  
**The End of the Affair**—Children, no; young people, very mature; adults, absorbing and provocative.  
**Escape to Burma**—Poor.  
**Five Against the House**—Trash.  
**Gate of Hell**—Excellent.  
**The Green Scarf**—Children, no; young people, mature; adults, fair.  
**Heartbreak Ridge**—Excellent.  
**Hell's Island**—Trash.  
**Hell's Outpost**—Trash.  
**Hit the Deck**—Children, sophisticated in part; young people, entertaining; adults, musical comedy fans.  
**Holiday for Henrietta**—Children, no; young people, mature; adults, excellent of type.  
**The Intruder**—Children and young people, good; adults, thoughtful melodrama.  
**It Came from Beneath the Sea**—Children, yes; young people, probably amusing; adults, matter of taste.  
**Kiss Me Deadly**—Children and young people, no; adults, degrading.  
**Land of Fury**—Children and young people, poor; adults, fair.  
**A Life in the Balance**—Children, no; young people, mature; adults, excellent.  
**The Looters**—Children, no; young people, poor; adults, matter of taste.  
**Man Without a Star**—No.  
**Many Rivers to Cross**—Matter of taste.  
**Marty**—Children, mature; young people and adults, excellent.  
**Mr. Potts Goes to Moscow**—Children, yes; young people and adults, fair.  
**The Naked Heart**—Children, no; young people and adults, matter of taste.  
**New York Confidential**—Children and young people, no; adults, matter of taste.  
**Prince of Players**—Children, mature; young people and adults, good.  
**The Purple Plain**—Children, not for the restless; young people, yes; adults, fair.  
**The Racers**—Children, no; young people, mature; adults, brilliant Cinemascope photography.  
**Revenge of the Creature**—Poor.  
**Run for Cover**—Fair.  
**The Silver Chalice**—Children, mature; young people and adults, colorful spectacle.  
**Six Bridges to Cross**—Poor.  
**Smoke Signal**—Children, mature; young people and adults, western fans.  
**The Stranger's Hand**—Children, dull; young people, fair; adults, disappointing.  
**You Wanted Me**—Children, no; young people, violent and sadistic; adults, matter of taste.  
**Theodore, Slave Empress**—Children, poor; young people and adults, spectacle fans.  
**Three Cases of Murder**—Children, no; young people, mature; adults, suspense story devotees.  
**Tight Spot**—Children, no; young people, mature; adults, amusing of type.  
**Tonight's the Night**—Children, mature; young people and adults, matter of taste.  
**Treasure of Ruby Hill**—Poor.  
**Untamed**—Children, no; young people, poor; adults, matter of taste.  
**Vera Cruz**—Children, no; young people, poor; adults, stupid and brutal.  
**Wages of Fear**—Children, no; young people, too tense; adults, excellent of its type.  
**Woman's Prison**—Very poor.  
**Young at Heart**—Children, too long; young people and adults, lightly diverting.

HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS: Miss Ellen G. Lombard, Mrs. Fred M. Raymond

## DIRECTORY OF THE NATIONAL CONGRESS OF PARENTS AND TEACHERS BOARD OF MANAGERS

### OFFICERS

NATIONAL PRESIDENT  
Mrs. Newton P. Leonard, 341 Sharon Street  
Providence, Rhode Island

#### AIDES TO THE PRESIDENT

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT  
Mrs. Rollin Brown, 1134 North Orange Drive  
Los Angeles 38, California

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT  
Dr. Kenneth E. Oberholtzer, Denver Public Schools,  
Administration Building, 414 Fourteenth Street,  
Denver 2, Colorado

#### VICE-PRESIDENTS

Mrs. O. S. Fatland, 1060 West 35th Street, Des Moines, Iowa  
Mr. Joseph A. Hunter, 3111 Ardee Way, Baltimore 22, Maryland  
Mrs. Ramon Lawrence, Jericho, Vermont

Mrs. T. H. Ludlow, 135 Southcote Road, Riverside, Illinois  
Mrs. T. J. Mims, Box 1143, Greenville, South Carolina  
Mrs. Herman Nordfors, 1370 Skyline Drive, Tacoma 6, Washington

Mrs. H. G. Stinnett, Jr., 614 West Thirty-second, Austin, Texas  
Mrs. Edward T. Walker, 2207 Pelham Avenue, Los Angeles 64, California

#### SECRETARY

Mrs. Russell C. Bickel, 68 West Dominion Boulevard  
Columbus 14, Ohio

#### TREASURER

Dr. John W. Headley, South Dakota State College,  
State College Station, South Dakota

### NATIONAL CHAIRMEN OF STANDING COMMITTEES

*Art*  
*Character and Spiritual Education*  
Mrs. A. O. Haislip, 1324 North Thirty-fourth Street,  
Birmingham, Alabama  
*Citizenship*  
Mrs. Albert Solomon, 1605 Xavier Street, Denver 4, Colorado  
*Congress Publications*  
Mrs. James C. Parker, 1729 Union Boulevard, S.E.,  
Grand Rapids, Michigan  
*Cooperation with Colleges*  
Dr. Raymond F. Hawk, Western Washington College of Education, Bellingham, Washington  
*Exceptional Child*  
Ruth J. Kaattama, M.D., Maternal and Child Health Division, Bureau of Health and Hospitals, 659 Cherokee Avenue, Denver 4, Colorado  
*Founders Day*  
Mrs. John E. Hayes, Box 72, Twin Falls, Idaho  
*Health*  
Henry F. Helmholz, M.D., 799 Third Street, S.W., Rochester, Minnesota  
*High School Service*  
Mrs. L. W. Alston, 915 Arbor Vista Boulevard, Jackson, Mississippi  
*Home and Family Life*  
Dr. Esther E. Frevey, Department of Family Life Education, 1840 East Eighth Street, Kansas City 24, Missouri

*International Relations*  
Mrs. Floyd B. Newell, 94 Monroe Parkway, Rochester, New York  
*Juvenile Protection*  
Mrs. E. L. Church, 1004 Homecrest, Kalamazoo 26, Michigan  
*Legislation*  
Mrs. Clifford N. Jenkins, 30 Deerpath, Norgate, Roslyn Heights, Long Island, New York  
*Membership*  
Mrs. G. W. Luhr, 3335 Freeman Road, Walnut Creek, Contra Costa County, California  
*Mental Health*  
*Music*  
Dr. Lloyd V. Funchess, State Supervisor of Music, State Department of Education, Baton Rouge 4, Louisiana  
*Parent Education*  
Dr. Ralph H. Ojemann, Iowa Child Welfare Research Station, State University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa  
*Preschool Service*  
Mrs. Keith E. Weigle, 1873 Graamere Street, East Cleveland 12, Ohio  
*Procedure and Bylaws*  
Mrs. Albert L. Gardner, 12 Sixth Street, Forda, New Jersey

*Programs*  
Mrs. L. E. Burr, 1127 Strong Drive, Las Vegas, Nevada  
*Publicity*  
Mrs. Ralph Hobbs, Cataula, Georgia  
*Radio and Television*  
Mrs. Edith McBride Cameron, 805 Seagle Building, Gainesville, Florida  
*Reading and Library Service*  
Mrs. Ruth Gagliardo, 1108 Ohio Street, Lawrence, Kansas  
*Recreation*  
Miss Dorothea Lensch, Director of Recreation, Room 115, City Hall, Portland, Oregon  
*Rural Service*  
Dr. John S. Carroll, 4151 Tech Station, Lubbock, Texas  
*Safety*  
Mrs. Fred Knight, Cartersville, Georgia  
*School Education*  
Dr. John W. Studebaker, 33 West Forty-second Street, New York 36, New York  
*School Lunch*  
Miss Ruth Powell, State Department of Education, Little Rock, Arkansas  
*Visual Education and Motion Pictures*  
Mrs. Louise S. Walker, 3233 Livingston Street, Chevy Chase, D. C.

President, National Parent-Teacher, Mrs. James Fitts Hill, 1604 Gilmer Avenue, Montgomery 6, Alabama

### PRESIDENTS OF STATE BRANCHES

Alabama: Mrs. J. H. Rutledge, 1104 Montvue, Anniston  
Arizona: Mrs. Mary B. Heller, Box 1286, Prescott  
Arkansas: Mrs. Carroll Watson, Osceola  
California: Mrs. A. Kenneth Spencer, 600 West Roses Road, San Gabriel  
Colorado: Mrs. Daniel W. Richardson, P. O. Box 145, Wheat Ridge  
Connecticut: Mrs. Byron F. Wilcox, Glenbrook Drive, Cheshire  
Delaware: Mr. Herbert H. Peckham, 101 Garfield Avenue, Wilmington Manor, New Castle  
D. C.: Mrs. Frank F. Strobe, The Roosevelt Plaza, 1414 Upshur Street, N. W., Washington 11  
Florida: Mrs. C. Durward Johnson, 331 North Fourteenth Street, Quincy  
Georgia: Mr. Knox Walker, Fulton County Administration Building, Atlanta  
Hawaii: Mr. J. Ralph Brown, 239 Merchant Street, Honolulu  
Idaho: Mrs. George Tonkin, Jr., 2825 Mountain View Drive, Boise  
Illinois: Mrs. Melvin C. Lockard, Box 135, Cobden  
Indiana: Mrs. Graydon Heuman, 1809 West Main Street, Muncie  
Iowa: Mrs. Harold Honohan, 926 1/2 Eighth Street, Boone  
Kansas: Mrs. Ray Wright, 6 Colonial Court, Lawrence

Kentucky: Mrs. W. J. Lattin, 1206 West Fifteenth Street, Owensboro  
Louisiana: Mrs. J. S. Goff, 615 Elmwood Place, Shreveport  
Maine: Mrs. John G. Lyons, 50 West Street, Portland  
Maryland: Mrs. Fred L. Bull, 4312 Rowalt Drive, College Park  
Massachusetts: Mrs. Harold B. Murch, 7 Sanborn Road, Hingham  
Michigan: Mrs. Fred L. Keeler, 1824 Collins, S.E., Grand Rapids  
Minnesota: Mrs. J. P. Livingston, 34 East Artavia, Duluth 11  
Mississippi: Mrs. Stovall Lowrey, 186 West Second Street, Clarkdale  
Missouri: Mrs. C. W. Detjen, 420 South Gore, Webster Groves 19  
Montana: Mrs. Marion F. Crawford, 709 East Main, Laurel  
Nebraska: Dr. Galen Saylor, 317 Teachers College, University of Nebraska, Lincoln  
Nevada: Mr. Rulon H. Manning, 602 Mary Street, Carson City  
New Hampshire: Mrs. Bertram Hadley, North Weare  
New Jersey: Mrs. A. G. Link, 368 Mount Prospect Avenue, Newark 4  
New Mexico: Miss Recene Ashton, New Mexico Western College, Silver City  
New York: Mrs. Harold J. Fallon, 15 Birch Brook Road, Bronxville

North Carolina: Mrs. John W. Crawford, 3204 Clark Avenue, Raleigh  
North Dakota: Mr. Glenn O. Elliott, Stanton  
Ohio: Mrs. W. C. Storey, 2832 Minot Avenue, Cincinnati 9  
Oklahoma: Mrs. W. Fred Scott, 1421 S. Daugherty, Oklahoma City  
Oregon: Mrs. J. W. Staggs, 622 South Main Street, Milton-Freewater  
Pennsylvania: Mrs. Cecil S. Garey, 1626 Monsey Avenue, Scranton  
Rhode Island: Mrs. Harold J. Gildea, 75 Auburn Street, Pawtucket  
South Carolina: Mrs. J. Howard Stokes, 125 Cheves Street, Florence  
South Dakota: Mrs. William H. Reiners, R.F.D., Madison  
Tennessee: Mrs. Ralph W. Frost, 614 Oakhurst Drive, Knoxville  
Texas: Mrs. Leon S. Price, 308 Cumberland, Dallas  
Utah: Mrs. Donald E. Rose, 1240 South Westwood Road, Bountiful  
Vermont: Mrs. Merlin Burton Ward, Moretown  
Virginia: Dr. Robert O. Nelson, 1141 Twenty-second Street, Newport News  
Washington: Mrs. David W. Wood, 3832 South Eighth Avenue, Tacoma  
West Virginia: Mrs. John Brown, 2018 Twenty-third Street, Parkersburg  
Wisconsin: Mrs. Robert L. Schumpert, 4117 Hiawatha Drive, Madison 5  
Wyoming: Mrs. Glenn K. Rogers, 312 East Pershing Boulevard, Cheyenne

### NATIONAL OFFICE: 700 North Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

Director of Office and Administrative Assistant  
Ruth A. Bottomly  
Business Manager  
Roe M. Wright  
Assistant to Director of Office  
Margaret S. Wells

Field Staff Members  
Ellen Dell Bieler  
Dema Kennedy

Publications  
Eva H. Grant, Editor-in-Chief  
Mary A. Ferre, Managing Editor  
Mary Elinore Smith, Senior Assistant Editor  
Josephine Costantino, Assistant Editor



© H. Armstrong Roberts

#### **PRESCHOOL COURSE**

*Directed by Ruth Strang*

- SEPTEMBER *Why Our Children Annoy Us*
- OCTOBER *Assignment: Growing Up*
- NOVEMBER *Can They Be Spoiled by Love?*
- DECEMBER *Spiritual Experiences in Everyday Life*
- JANUARY *When Children Need Comforting*
- FEBRUARY *Being a Boy—Being a Girl*
- MARCH *Resources for Parents*
- APRIL *Preschool Prelude to School Success*

#### **SCHOOL-AGE COURSE**

*Directed by Bess Goodykoontz*

- SEPTEMBER *Answers to Questions About Reading*
- OCTOBER *A Report on Report Cards*
- NOVEMBER *New Viewpoints on Discipline*
- DECEMBER *World-size Problems on Child-size Shoulders?*
- JANUARY *Is "Gang-busting" Wise?*
- FEBRUARY *Kindling the Creative Spark*
- MARCH *Junior Achievers in the Family*
- APRIL *The Secret Life of School Children*

#### **ADOLESCENT COURSE**

*Directed by Evelyn Millis Duwall*

- SEPTEMBER *The Drama of Adolescence*
- OCTOBER *Why Do They Act Like That?*
- NOVEMBER *Sex, Morals, and Marriage*
- DECEMBER *Who Is Delinquent?*
- JANUARY *What Enterprising Youth Can Do*
- FEBRUARY *Counsel on Careers*
- MARCH *Helping Them over Hurdles*
- APRIL *Can Their Hearts Be Young and Gay?*

## Parent Education

## Programs for 1955-56

### *For a Lifetime of Mental Health*

Each article will be accompanied by its own guide, complete with questions and points for discussion, suggestions for various program techniques, reading references, and appropriate films. Every parent and teacher will find in these courses new-lit lanterns with which to lead America's children and youth toward a lifetime of mental health.

# National Parent-Teacher

700 NORTH RUSH STREET • CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS